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THE GLORIOUS FOURTH—SENDING UP THE FIRE BALLOON.—[See Page 627.]

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HARPER'S WEEKLY contains ONE-THIRD more reading matter, a larger number of Illustrations, and is conspicuously better Edited and Printed than any other Illustrated Newspaper. Its circulation is more than DOUBLE that of any similar publication.

☞ *In the* SUPPLEMENT *that accompanies this Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY *our readers are presented with a splendid*

Bird's-Eye View of Boston and Vicinity;

a fine picture by LUMLEY, *illustrating* SUMMER AMUSEMENTS IN THE PARKS FOR CHILDREN; *and other artistic and literary features of interest.*

THE CONSTITUTION AND ITS FRIENDS.

A DEMOCRATIC journal recently charges the Republican party with the destruction of "the grand old Constitution which housed our liberties," and asserts that it is the mission of the Democratic party to re-establish "the whole solid structure of our government." And although the cry that the opposite party is intent upon the subversion of the Constitution is as old as constitutional government, there are possibly those who vaguely suppose that the Democratic party in this country has a higher respect for the Constitution than the Republican. When this declaration is made as a reason for supporting the return of that party to power it is useful to consider whether its history authorizes the expectation that the spirit and purpose of the Constitution will be more respected by it than by the dominant party.

The Democratic party was virtually supreme in the national government until the election of Mr. LINCOLN. Its composition is unchanged. Those who were active Democrats in 1860 are active Democrats still. The party is to be regarded, therefore, as a unit; and when we speak of the Democratic party to-day we mean those who compose the political organization which was defeated in 1860, which called for surrender to the rebellion in 1864, which pronounced for repudiation and denounced the constitutional amendments in 1868, and which, in 1871, is trying to change front, to denounce its own denunciations, and repudiate its repudiations.

If, then, "the grand old Constitution"—the home of liberty—has been invaded, which is guilty, the Republican or the Democratic party? Probably the constitutionality of Mr. LINCOLN's election will not be questioned. The platform of his party contained nothing more offensive than the assertion of the rights of man as contained in the Declaration of Independence, and that of the authority of the United States over the Territories. Upon Mr. LINCOLN's election the most influential of the Democratic chiefs in the Southern States pronounced for secession, and led State after State to declare it. They were not seriously opposed by the Democratic party in the Northern States. The Tweddle Hall Convention in New York was an illustration of the attitude of the party. It virtually held the Republicans responsible for secession; and the chief speaker at that Democratic Convention in 1861, before the war began, was the Democratic candidate for the Presidency in 1868, three years after the war was over.

Now the Democratic movement of secession at the South, and the Democratic palliation of it at the North, were the natural results of the Democratic theory of the government. They were the fruit of the Virginia and Kentucky resolutions of 1798, which asserted a virtual State independence at pleasure; which were, indeed, purposely obscure, but which, under the name of State sovereignty, had become the staple Democratic tradition. This Democratic doctrine, practically asserted in secession, was in substance that "the grand old Constitution" was a bond of partnership terminable at the pleasure of any partner. It was the declaration that the house of our liberties was a pile of stones without mortar, and that if any body tried to push it over there was no remedy. The logical Democratic theory of "the grand old Constitution" that "housed our liberties" was that it was a dissolving league—a rope of sand. This was the practical declaration of the Southern Democracy. It was denied by some Northern Democrats, but not by the Democratic party; and, with the exceptions mentioned, the whole weight of Democratic sympathy was, and naturally, with the attempt utterly to destroy "the grand old Constitution."

This Democratic attempt upon the Constitution and the Union, of which it was the bond, was for what purpose? Was it a last terrible remedy against intolerable oppression? Was it to save the liberties "housed" in it? Was it a heroic stroke for humanity, civilization, and freedom? None of these. Its object was the perpetuity of the most revolting system of slavery in history. Its purpose was to destroy in the breasts of four millions of unhappy men and women the least spark of hope of recovering the common rights of humanity. It aimed to imbrute these four millions of human beings and their posterity forever. The Democratic blow at "the grand old Constitution" was prompted by the fact that it was not an unquestionable tyranny; that it did house some faint hope of ultimate liberty for all; that it might somehow, at some time, however far remote, destroy the auction block upon which helpless men, women, and children were sold like cattle. It was because of this promise and possible hope of freedom to the most cruelly oppressed that the Democratic party, actively at the South and passively at the North, assaulted "the grand old Constitution," and by shot and shell in one part of the country, and by sneers, quibbles, falsehoods, and riots in another part, vainly sought the destruction of those who defended the sacred house of our liberties.

It is this party, unchanged, and reluctantly trying to express an acquiescence which it thinks can be no longer resisted—this party which furnished the philosophy, the justification, the palliation, the soldiers, and the sympathizers with the ferocious effort to destroy the Constitution of the United States in order to perpetuate human slavery—which now pretends to talk in tawdry rhetoric about re-establishing "the grand old Constitution which housed our liberties." The party which had no word to utter against the unspeakable crimes of slavery; which saw with serenity the hand of slavery stretched out to compel the State of New York to hunt and seize for it its human victims; which furnished the political pretense for attacking the Union; which demanded that the Union should yield to the assault; which insisted that the victorious government should be dishonored; which debauched and degraded this nation for a generation, and made its name a reproach to liberty and humanity, is now perplexed with constitutional scruples about preventing the hunting and hounding of innocent colored citizens, whom it wished to keep slaves, and announces that its restoration to power is essential to the re-establishment of "the grand old Constitution that housed our liberties."

The people of the United States who have been actors in the events of the last ten years know very well who attacked the Constitution and who defended it, who fought for liberty and who fought for slavery, who emancipated the slaves and who resisted emancipation as not justified by "the grand old Constitution that housed our liberties." They know also that the parties are unchanged; that liberty and its defense and organization are the traditions and the practice of the Republican party; that slavery and its protection and State sovereignty, the source of all our sorrow, are the traditions and the practice of the Democratic party. They know that a fine profession does not change the force of conviction and long habit, and that a new departure of an old sinner is only to fresh offenses. They know that the most powerful and representative organization of this party, which, having failed in destroying the house of our liberties, now proposes to protect it, is the Tammany organization in New York; and they naturally ask whether liberty would be securer, the laws wiser, the administration honester, the Constitution more respected, with a party of whose character and methods Tammany Hall is the perpetual illustration, and whose success is fervently desired by every enemy of the Union and the Constitution.

THE OHIO REPUBLICANS.

THE proceedings of the Republican State Convention in the great representative Republican State of Ohio show that the party does not cling to issues that are settled, while it regards the acts and antecedents of its adversaries much more than their professions. The Convention pointed proudly to the achievements of the present Republican administration, and was evidently of opinion that the prospect of necessary reforms is much more promising within the Republican organization than within that which has steadily resisted all reform, all progress, and which, by adhering tenaciously to the most loathsome of abuses, plunged the country into war. All the cardinal Republican principles and the great measures of Republican policy are heartily approved in the platform; the fidelity, honesty, and economy of the Administration are extolled; its action in regard to a reform of the civil service is expressly praised; the granting of spoils subsidies is denounced; the duty of adjusting the tariff so as to promote the interests of every section and industry is declared; and after adopting this admirable platform unanimously the Convention nominated for Governor by acclamation a young Republican who came out of the war upon crutches.

There was a tone of confidence and pride in the resolutions and in the action of the Convention which showed a body of intelligent men conscious of honorable performance in the past and of the most patriotic purpose in the future. There was no apologizing, quibbling, or protesting. The words of men whose acts have been consistent and honorable explain themselves. And it is impossible to read the report of the Convention without feeling that it represented the policy and the principles which are sincerely and enthusiastically approved by the immense majority of intelligent American citizens. General NOYES, who was nominated for Governor, is a representative young Republican. He is thirty-nine years old, and his politics are, therefore, those of the true Republican epoch. He is in sympathy with the best and most progressive spirit of the party, and his triumphant election, of which there is no reasonable doubt, will show how thoroughly alive and vigorous are the principles that slew slavery and made the Union the guarantee of liberty.

THE NORTHERN AND SOUTHERN DEMOCRACY.

THE fact that Mr. ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS has become the editor of the Atlanta *Sun*, and distinctly repudiates the new departure of his party, is but another illustration of the serious division of that party. Mr. STEPHENS is a Democrat who has proved his Democracy by his conspicuous fidelity to the rebellion. He is a Democrat whose Democracy is not questioned. He is a Democrat who announces that he stands upon the national platform of his party promulgated only three years ago. He is also by general consent a politician of experience and ability. He is unquestionably a more powerful and acknowledged Democratic leader than any who has yet declared for the new departure. He can not be contemptuously silenced by a sneer of "a burned-out rocket." And when he returns to the political field and states his position distinctly, he may not represent a majority of the votes of his party, but he does represent its traditional principles and policy, and the latest and most authoritative declaration of them; and it may fairly be supposed that he represents also the real convictions of his party in his own section of the country. Mr. STEPHENS denies that the recent amendments to the Constitution are valid, and, recalling their denunciation as usurpations by the Democratic Convention of 1868, he adds, "No people devoted to constitutional law need ever expect to secure a rectification of admitted usurpations of power by accepting them as accomplished facts, and granting in advance a complete absolution to the perpetrators of them."

When, therefore, the New York *World*, in the face of such a declaration by one of the most conspicuous, and certainly the ablest, of Southern Democrats, says that Northern Democrats deny, as they have always denied, the right of secession, and "Southern Democrats accept the situation," its remark needs only fidelity to the fact to be effective. If, as probably many of its own party would seriously question, the *World* may assume to speak for Northern Democrats, there is no question that Mr. STEPHENS may speak for the Southern. And when he, and JEFFERSON DAVIS, and the Mobile *Register*, and other acknowledged Southern Democratic leaders and organs declare emphatically that they do not accept the situation, it is in vain that the *World* declares that they do.

And the Northern Democratic acceptance of the situation in the new departure is very well defined by Senator SHERMAN in his speech at the Ohio Convention. It admits the amendments, but opposes the laws for their enforcement. It is the counterpart of the Democratic acquiescence in the war, with opposition to the measures necessary to carry it on. So that the exact Democratic situation is this: some of the Northern Democrats profess acquiescence in the amendments, and immediately proceed to qualifications and explanations which leave every thing in doubt; while the chief Southern Democrats declare that they cling to the last national platform of their party, and regard the amendments as usurpations, and void. These are the opinions, distinct upon one side, obscure and suspicious upon the other, which will divide the Democratic National Convention as they did the Democratic State Convention in Ohio. And as the party placed General M'CLELLAN upon their surrender Chicago platform in 1864, and Mr. SEYMOUR, who had professed hostility to repudiation upon their repudiating platform in 1868, and General M'COOK, who virtually spurned the amendments, upon the new-departure platform in Ohio, so, following the same practice, the Convention of 1872 will probably pronounce vaguely for acquiescence, and then nominate a candidate who does not acquiesce.

The important fact for all American citizens who are looking for stability and release from the questions which the war virtually settled is that the Democratic party is still torn by a desire to cling to the old issues as all that remains of their traditional policy. While some Northern organs and conventions vociferously shout that all is settled, Southern organs, quite as authoritative, contemptuously retort that nothing is settled. Is this a party to command the confidence and support of honest men, who are resolved that, as slavery is abolished, all taint of slavery in laws and customs shall also disappear? and that, as the political excuse of the rebellion was the doctrine of State sovereignty, the sovereignty of States to defeat the national will shall be as effectually abolished as slavery?

CLERICAL COMMON-SENSE.

BISHOP CLARK, of Rhode Island, a man of great practical sagacity as well as of recognized ability, recently urged upon the Episcopal Convention of his State provision by the churches of life-insurance for their rectors. This suggestion of the Episcopal prelate is worthy of the most general consideration and practical application. There is, certainly, no body of laborers in society of whom more is expected for less wages than the mass of Protestant clergymen. And the misfortune of their position is that while they must necessarily spend all that they receive, they are liable at any moment to find themselves unemployed, with diminished chances of occupation. It is one of the practical evils of the voluntary system, especially among sects which have no large relief endowments; and the plan suggested by Bishop CLARK is good for two reasons—first that it secures the family of a faithful pastor from actual poverty at his death, and then that it tends to make the pastoral relation more permanent.

There is, indeed, a vague theory that clergymen should be superior to pecuniary motives; and there is a very stale sarcasm about "loud calls," the loudness being determined by the amount of the salary. Every body else, from a miner to a railway president, may properly consider his advantage and convenience in accepting or declining offers of employment; but a clergyman is sordid, and is trying to squeeze, camel-like, through a needle's eye, if he reflects upon the comfort of his family or his own taste in deciding between various calls. But to such insinuations he may always urge one conclusive answer—namely, that the spiritual consideration is always the same; for whether it is a rich city society that will pay him eight or ten thousand a year, or a poor country parish that offers him six hundred, they are all miserable sinners, and equally in need of hearing the Gospel preached of charity and good-will. A man who will sell his home and the sacred hearth of his children if he can get a thousand dollars more than he gave for it thinks his minister dreadfully worldly if he tries to relieve the cruel pinching of his poverty by gladly accepting an additional five hundred a year.

When the celibacy of the clergy was abolished by the good sense of Christendom the minister was acknowledged as a man subject to the ordinary conditions of human life. But there is still a very general disposition to regard him as especially released from those conditions. Bread and meat and clothing have for the rest of mankind a very positive price. Butchers and bakers and tailors, in their turn, have also to pay appreciable prices for what they want. They can not conveniently put joints and loaves and coats in the plate for the minister, and it is not entirely clear that they would even if they could. So long, then, as we insist that the minister shall subsist as a man, and as a well-dressed, well-bred, educated, family man, let us abolish, as effectually as his celibacy has been abolished, the nonsense about his "sacred profession" as an excuse for starving him. This is the practical point of Bishop CLARK's suggestion, and every intelligent man will say amen.

LETTER FROM LABOULAYE.

DURING the sorrows of this country EDOUARD LABOULAYE and the Count DE GASPARIN were our most faithful and intelligent friends in France; and now, in the midst of the tragedy of their own country, GASPARIN has died, and LABOULAYE mournfully turns to the hard duty of restoring civil order. The following letter from him to a friend in New York will be read with singular interest and sympathy. He naturally thinks that the war has been wrongly judged in this country, and he denounces with all the ardor of a Frenchman those who have con-

quered France. He naturally, also, confounds the miscreants who follow every army with the mass who compose it and the nation which it represents. But his words are so sad and sincere, and almost hopeless, that a difference of judgment will not affect the feeling which his letter inspires. It is upon the intelligence and character of such men as he that his country must depend for regeneration. The letter is dated at Versailles early in June.

"My dear Friend,—Pardon me for not having written to you sooner. We have just passed through trials so cruel that they have taken away all freedom of thought. During the last two months we have experienced every degree of fear and horror; we are scarcely beginning to breathe freely again; and God knows what the future will be. France is far, as yet, from having escaped her ills and formed her government.

"We are attempting at this moment to found a republic. I take part in this effort without having much faith in its success. You will find in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* for June 1 an article of mine on the 'Question of Two Chambers,' in which I show how the Americans have successfully solved the problem, and urge my countrymen to imitate your excellent Federal Constitution. But there is so little republican spirit in France—there is such love of pleasure, idleness, and luxury, and so little political sense—that I greatly fear the re-establishment of the empire, or the restoration of the legitimate monarchy. Besides, I understand how the country sighs for repose after so much suffering, and dreads liberty such as has been practiced in France—that is, sterile agitation and factious turmoil.

"The war has been very wrongly judged in the United States, and strange indulgence has been shown there toward the infamous deeds of the Prussians. The truth will make itself felt, I hope, by degrees, and the great number of Germans who live in the States will not suffice to mislead the opinion of enlightened men. The Prussians have robbed, pillaged, and burned every where. It was they who invented incendiarism with petroleum, and who burned the charming little town of St. Cloud even after the armistice. It was they who taught the Communists to set fire to public edifices, and to make hostages of innocent victims. They brought in their train demoralization and terror. As to their private morals, they are shameful. Versailles was the perpetual scene of their debauchery and drunkenness. These braggarts of virtue, who came to chastise France in the name of God, are naught but brigands, despite their gloss of civilization. This war will result not only in unspeakable wretchedness to France, but in complete servitude to Germany, and dishonor to all Europe, which suffered such infamy to be enacted, and tranquilly witnessed the forcible seizure of French provinces which refused the Prussian yoke.

"I have just received very sad news, which will grieve you as well as me—the sudden death of M. De Gasparin. I have not heard it confirmed officially, but have been assured that his death is announced by all the Geneva journals. It is a great loss to humanity. America will not forget with what zeal and devotion M. De Gasparin supported the right side in the civil war. No one did as much as he to prevent the perversion of public opinion on the Continent, and to rally the sympathies of Europe to the support of the good cause. This was no easy task, for nothing had been neglected to mislead public opinion. The character of M. De Gasparin, and the great esteem in which his name was held, did much for the Northern cause; and I hope that the United States will give him credit for this. It will be a consolation to his widow and friends.

"Adieu, my dear friend; think of us often in the rude trials through which we are passing. I hoped that I had reached the time of repose, and was preparing to enjoy my old age, when lo! like Franklin of old, I must buckle on the harness anew, and fight for the liberty which the young men abandon. May God give me the strength I need to return to the combat, and may my friends accompany me with their prayers! The horizon is very dark, and we are plunged in the depths of an abyss; but the nation is better than its conquerors, and than the wretches who have burned Paris. I do not despair of its salvation, with the help of God. Ever yours,

"Edouard Laboulaye."

INTERESTING QUESTIONS.

Iowa is another of the States to which Republicans point with satisfaction, and its Republican voice is harmonious with that of Ohio. Upon the same day with their brethren in Ohio the Republicans declared their principles and nominated their candidates, and with the same unanimity. We confess that we fail to perceive either in the votes of Connecticut or the declarations of Ohio and Iowa the paralysis of the party which has been loudly proclaimed. It is difficult for the supporters of a party, of which the ruling principle is to vote for Beelzebub if he is "regularly" nominated, to understand the independent and vigorous criticism which is always observable in the Republican ranks. Such criticism and such independence, however, might be inferred from one or two facts; such, for instance, as the character of the States in which Republican ascendency is virtually unquestioned. Even New York, although now Democratic, is debatable ground, and there is probably little doubt among intelligent persons that with an honest vote New York is Republican to-day.

Meanwhile the States which are politically unchanging are significant facts. The chief Democratic States are Kentucky, Delaware, Maryland, and perhaps New Jersey. The chief Republican States are Vermont, Massachusetts, Ohio, Iowa, and, in fact, the Northwest. To name them is to illustrate the difference between the character and the tendency of the two parties. As formerly the strength of the Democratic party lay in the Slave States, so now it lies in those which at least are not superior in general intelligence and in all the signs of a high and progressive civilization. So in the State of New York its strength lies in what may be called the worst parts of the towns and cities. Such facts are suggestive. They show that what is called "Democracy" is agreeable to the state of society which is produced by a system of slavery, or to extreme ignorance. Is it because Democracy is identical with intelligence, good order, respect for equal rights, and the general welfare of the community? Is Republicanism constantly in the ascendant in the States we have named because it appeals to class prejudice and hate and passion; because it is hostile to fair play and the equal chance of all men, and because it fosters ignorance and superstition? Is the history of the country under Democratic supremacy that of honest, humane, and just government? If it is, does that party need a "new departure?" Is the same history under Republican control that of constant pandering to inhumanity and ignorance?

These are interesting questions, and suitable for the approaching political season.

THE FEAST OF COLLEGES.

Midsummer, with the annual college commencements, shows us an amiable and admirable rivalry among the schools of the highest class not only to furnish the best education, but to educate freely. If the origin of our college system is monkish and medieval, it is not likely to remain so; for Yankee inquisitiveness and enterprise have entered the quadrangle, and are asking a reason for every ancient form and venerable precedent. This impetus may be traced in large part to the act of Congress of 1862, which granted thirty thousand acres of the public land for each of the Senators and representatives in Congress of every State which might provide colleges for the benefit of agriculture and the mechanic arts. From this timely and noble grant sprang, among other institutions, the Cornell University in this State—a thoroughly and honorably unsectarian school. And the success of one has inspired others. It has stimulated the religious denominations to enlarge their special schools; and on every side there are foundations and gifts and endowments, making glad the heart of the scholar, and of the patriot who comprehends the close relation between a high standard of education and the national welfare and stability.

Meanwhile the election of Mr. Eliot as President of Harvard, and of Mr. Angell as President of the University of Michigan, the two great schools of the East and the West, has but quickened the interest and activity in the whole subject. Princeton receives Dr. M'Cosh as its head; and Yale, the ancient and friendly rival of Harvard, losing its honored chief, Dr. Woolsey, feels the imperative necessity of pressing forward to save her old laurels and gather new. In the current number of the *College Review*, a monthly periodical full of college information, and edited with intelligence and skill by Mr. William L. Stone, there is a paper by Professor Dana, of Yale, upon its position and its necessities. Last year President Barnard, of Columbia College, made a very interesting and valuable report upon college education in cities; and this year the University of New York shows its resolution to deserve success by a radical reform under Chancellor Crosby—if he will allow the word radical to be associated with his name.

At the late commencement Mr. W. A. Butler addressed the alumni, and announced that henceforth a course of four years of the best instruction in the classical and scientific departments will be offered by the university without money and without price, while the departments of medicine and law will offer instruction not absolutely free, but upon the most reasonable terms. Of course, for such liberal opportunities, money is indispensable. Professor Dana says that Yale must have three-quarters of a million of dollars if she would do what she can and ought to do. And such appeals, large as they are, are found not to exhaust the generous sympathy of those who are either especially or generally interested in particular institutions. There is, indeed, one word of suggestion to be offered to those about to give large sums of money to any college, or to put their names to subscriptions, and that is, not to encumber the gift with conditions. If the college is worth helping, its authorities best know how the help should be applied; and if he gives twice who gives quickly, he also doubles his gift who gives unconditionally.

PERSONAL.

The departure of Mr. Thurlow Weed for Liverpool recalls an incident in his early career, which he recently mentioned to the writer. Seated, not long since, on the upper deck of an ocean steamer in front of the wheel-house, he remarked that the elderly person at the wheel, and the younger one who was assisting, looked like father and son. "Yes," was the reply of the gentleman to whom he spoke; "doubtless that is old Pons the Pilot, and Pontius his son." Mr. Weed thereupon said: "That reminds me. The first article I ever wrote for a newspaper was on Pontius Pilate. In reading the New Testament it had occurred to me that the general notion about Pilate was erroneous; I thought he was a pretty fair man, and in the great trial in which he is on the record as judge, there is no evidence but that he meant to act uprightly. I was then a journeyman printer—this was in 1815—in the office of the Albany *Register*, and wrote an article taking that view. That article was the first I ever wrote for publication."—The recent death of Mr. Edwin Croswell has elicited the fact that on last New-Year's Day a handsome present in money was made to him by several personal friends. The writer of this happens to know that the subscription paper for that purpose was drawn and circulated by Mr. Weed, who headed the list with a large donation (there was none larger), and who called upon most of the gentlemen who subscribed. The amount contributed was nearly nine thousand dollars, of which eight thousand was invested in seven per cent. bonds, and the balance handed over in money for immediate use. It may be mentioned, also, that at the same time a life-long personal and political friend of Mr. Croswell added to this amount a private gift of his own of ten thousand dollars. It is as creditable to the modesty of this gentleman as it is to his liberality that he peremptorily refuses to let his name be published in connection with it.

—The *Tribune* states that "Thomas Jefferson and Martin Van Buren have been the only men in the history of this country who have been Governors of States, holders of first-class foreign missions, heads of cabinets, Vice-Presidents, and Presidents." The *Tribune* might have added that Jefferson was a member of that notable Congress that declared the United States to be a nation; and that Mr. Van Buren, besides holding the offices held by Mr. Jefferson, was appointed Surrogate of Columbia County in 1802, elected State Senator in 1812, appointed Attorney-General in 1815, and elected United States Senator in 1821. No man in the United States has filled so many offices of distinction as Martin Van Buren.

—Mr. Alexander H. Stephens has purchased a half interest in the Atlanta *Sun*, and is henceforth to be its political editor. Ordinarily men do not make the best editors who commence the business at sixty years of age, and Mr. S. lacks but a few months of that. He has been in political life since 1836—most of the time (from 1843 to 1860) in Congress. His "Life and Speeches," published in 1867, though displaying a certain degree of ability, can not be said to have made any deep impression on the public mind, or to have had any marked influence in politics. We doubt if Mr. Stephens has the health requisite for the stated drudgery of editorial life. According to the newspapers, he has been in a moribund condition since he first entered political life. It used to be stoutly maintained by Washington hackmen and undertakers that he was a fraud, having been expected and relied upon to die before the close of every Congressional session, and to exist longer was an unfair and tantalizing postponement of their legitimate funeral fees.

—Mr. Colfax is recuperating. Mrs. Colfax drives him around the environs of South Bend every evening, which he finds a good thing. The M.D.'s of the bailiwick have decided that S. C. must make no more speeches atop of stumps, and write no more letters during the two remaining years of his term. For so young a man (forty-eight) he has had a fine official run, having been continuously in public life during the last one-and-twenty years. He professes a determination to retire from politics at the close of his term, but one can never tell what one will do about those things.

—In the Book Concern case Rev. Dr. Carlton testified, the report says "very reluctantly," that he was a director in the Shoe and Leather Bank, in the Home Life-Insurance Company, and in an oil company; an alderman in Elizabeth City, trustee of a church in the same place, and trustee of the Genesee College. Judge Reynolds proposed to inquire further into his secular pursuits, but Carlton declined to answer, as he did not want his private affairs "pried into." Nevertheless, doctor, the Methodist public will pry into them. They will ask whether, with such a multiplicity of occupations, you can give the necessary attention to the publishing interests of the Church.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

—Apropos of Mr. G. P. Putnam's clever biographical sketch of Washington Irving, published in the *Weekly* of May 27, the following *mot* of Irving's, now first published in this country, will be appreciated: In conversation one day with a very clever woman, the merits of a certain American diplomatist being on the *tapis*, Mr. Irving, alluding to his pomposity, said, "Ah! he is a great man, and, in his own estimation, a very great man—a man of great weight. *When he goes to the West, the East tips up.*"

—The illustrated article on "The Bank of St. George, Genoa," written by O. M. Spencer, the United States consul at Genoa, and published in the February number of *Harper's Magazine*, has been translated into Italian by Count Lopez, a literary celebrity of Turin. This paper is pronounced by competent authority the best account of the bank, within the same compass, that has ever been published in any language.

—A difference of opinion between Bishop Whitehouse and the Rev. Mr. Cheney as to the use or non-use of a single word in the baptismal service has sent a little flutter of excitement throughout the Episcopal Church. With prelates, as with politicians, time makes changes. In 1838, when Dr. Whitehouse was rector of St. Luke's Church, Rochester, New York, the diocese of New York was divided, and the diocese of Western New York organized. Dr. Whitehouse was then known as a Low-Churchman, and became the candidate of that party for bishop of the new diocese. The late John C. Spencer, Secretary of War and subsequently Secretary of the Treasury in President Tyler's cabinet, was one of his most strenuous supporters. A majority, however, of the Convention were High-Churchmen (that was before the advent of "ritualism"), and, under the lead of the Rev. Dr. Shelton, of Buffalo, and Rev. Dr. Bolles, of Batavia, voted for the late Bishop De Lancey, who was elected. Afterward Dr. Whitehouse became rector of St. Thomas's Church, in this city, and so continued until 1851, when he was consecrated Assistant-Bishop of Illinois, and succeeded to the full episcopate on the death of Bishop Chase, in 1852. For some time after assuming the crosier he affiliated mainly with the Low-Church people. Latterly, whether owing or not to two or three visits to England, and mingling freely with the lord bishops of the Established Church, he has gradually become what is called a tolerably "sound" Churchman, and somewhat of a stickler for authority. He is a pious, polite, polished prelate; but in the Cheney matter he has made a sacerdotal blunder. Cheney ditto.

—The Emperor of Brazil, who is coming to New York during the present year, is now in the very flush of manhood, being forty-six years old. From Fletcher's "Brazil and the Brazilians," published by Harper & Brothers, we learn that in his veins courses the united blood of the Braganzas, the Bourbons, and the Hapsburgs. By marriage he is related to the royal families of England, France, Russia, Spain, and Naples. His father, Dom Pedro I., was an energetic Braganza, his mother a Hapsburg, and sister-in-law to Napoleon I. His relatives are of every grade from the constitutional monarch to the most absolute ruler. He is constantly in public at Rio, and noted for courteous manners. He writes and speaks fluently English, French, German, Spanish, and Italian; has devoted much time to chemistry, is a good topographical engineer, has a great penchant for philology, and writes with perspicuity and elegance. In 1856 the Hon. Luther Bradish, then President of the New York Historical Society, proposed, and Marshal S. Bidwell, Esq., seconded, the Emperor as an honorary member of the Society; and the Rev. Dr. Osgood, at a subsequent meeting, said of him: "Dom Pedro II., by his character, and by his taste, application, and acquisitions in literature and science, ascends from his mere fortuitous position as Emperor, and takes his place in the world as a *man*."

—Mr. Bonner has a pleasant word for Mr. Greeley, who, he says, goes up to his farm, "Chappaqua" (or Chop-away), on Fridays, and that on arriving he immediately proceeds to chop. He never foregoes that. Mr. Greeley is not only very courteous in showing visitors around, but manifests great enjoyment in the scenery, and in pointing out the different sights; but after a while he says to his visitor, "If you will amuse yourself a while now, I guess I'll do a little chopping." Mr. Greeley has done a good deal with the axe in his day. He has lopped off many useless limbs from the political tree, hewed off any number of decayed and dead branches, tapped numberless "sap-heads," successfully set a goodly number of fruit-bearing grafts, remorselessly hacked down scores of useless old trees, and pulled out of their roots hundreds of old stumps that encumbered the earth and prevented the growth of those public crops for which Mr. G. has so long been laboring on the national farm. "Chappaqua" affords a fine illustration of what can be accomplished by industrious, intelligent farming—and plenty of capital.

—The new governor of the Bank of France, M. Picard, has been nicely provided for by President Thiers, who was obliged to displace him from the ministry. The salary of that financial magnate is 60,000 francs a year, besides 12,000 francs for expenses, and 15,000 francs in tickets of presence. He has some few other perquisites, which make his total pay about $17,000 per annum, besides which he is lodged in vast and splendid apartments. There have been but ten governors of the Bank of France since its organization in 1806.

—Mr. J. N. Cardoza, formerly associate editor of the Savannah *Morning News*, and now a regular contributor to the Savannah *Republican*, is probably the oldest editor in the United States, having celebrated his eighty-fifth birthday on the 17th ult. His editorial career was begun in Charleston in 1816, and he writes with as much freshness and force to-day as he did when he first inserted himself in the harness editorial.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

The repairing-ship *Scauderia* grappled and connected the ends of the broken cable of 1865 on the 20th of June, and messages are now flashing through the wires as when they were first laid down.

The corner-stone of the new State Capitol was laid at Albany, with impressive Masonic ceremonies, on the 24th of June.

The Committee of Internal Revenue, having caused an examination of the accounts of the ex-collectors, has ascertained that there is due from such the sum of $2,813,105 29, instead of $35,000,000, as was industriously reported by some persons. About $2,000,000 of this amount is due from the Southern States. Suits have been instituted to recover the amounts, with a fair prospect of recovering the greatest part.

The Salt Lake City Methodist camp-meeting is said to have been a great success. The mammoth tent, capable of holding three thousand persons, has been transferred to Round Lake, Saratoga County, in this State, to serve for another camp-meeting.

General Sherman reports that the danger of an Indian war in Texas has been greatly exaggerated. The Indians of that region can not bring more than seven or eight hundred warriors into the field, and the cavalry force at the command of General Reynolds is sufficient to restrain them. Fresh horses are to be purchased and supplied to this force. The Sioux near forts Berthold and Buford are raiding upon herdsmen, and apprehension is felt that the Northern Pacific Railroad engineers may have difficulty in running the line in the up-river country.

FOREIGN NEWS.

At the annual banquet of the Cobden Club on Saturday evening, June 24, Earl Granville said the settlement of the *Alabama* question was a great and good work, showing how dissensions which might become great quarrels should be settled, leaving only friendship, peace, and good-will.

On the 20th of June it was announced in the House of Commons that immediate notice would be given to British claimants under the Treaty of Washington to file their proofs before the Commission created by the treaty within six months. In the House of Lords, Earl Granville stated that April 9, 1865, the date of General Lee's surrender, had been accepted as the close of the war, but he thought claims arising subsequent to that would be considered.

There is no material change in the aspect of affairs in France. The supplementary elections absorb all attention, and a heated contest is waged between the republican and the monarchist journals. The former are united; but the latter, although most numerous, are weakened by dissensions. The idea is entertained of forming a second Chamber to be elected by the Councils-General. It is reported that the Orleanists, in case the elections show monarchical majorities, will move for a constitution, and then offer the throne to the Comte de Chambord, and, in the event of his declining, to the Comte de Paris.

There is said to be a vast amount of destitution and suffering in Paris, nearly 250,000 people being dependent upon charity.

George Grote, the celebrated historian, died in London on the 18th of June, aged seventy-seven.

WOMEN OF MONTMARTRE.

THE illustration on this page is from a sketch of a band of women who were marching to Montmartre, during the second siege of Paris, to defend a barricade which they had erected there. These are the Amazons of the Commune, and womanly qualities which we admire, forgetting that it may be the very want of those attributes which has induced them to quit the conventional mode of life. The *vivandière* of our imagination is always young and pretty and innocent, a gay young creature amidst the regiment of rough, kindly men, and our feelings receive a shock sinew, ferocity such as the weaker vessel, man, can not hope to rival, and such a love of riot—always appearing in the van when Paris rises—that we might almost say that if revolutions are not produced by them, they are produced by the revolutions, and are imbued with their very spirit. These are some of the antagonists the Ver-

An eye-witness of this march to Montmartre writes: "I met a company of female Federals bearing two great red flags, and shouting the 'Marseillaise' and 'Vive la Commune.' I fancied I recognized at the head of the company one of the favorite orators of the club at the Boule Noire, who seemed to take the place of

"THE COMMUNE OR DEATH!"—WOMEN OF MONTMARTRE.

give us an idea of what the warrior-woman really is—coarse, brawny, unwomanly, and degraded; picturesque certainly, but by no means pleasing. When women appear in exceptional situations we always picture them as we wish them to be, and mostly find them something very different. We generally endow them with those when we see the reality. The Amazon of romance is always beautiful and stately as Diana; but, if such a race ever existed, we should discover there was not much of woman's beauty about them, perhaps no more than we find in these fighting women of the Commune. They are fitted for their work; they have muscle and sailles troops had to conquer before they could call Paris their own, and in the accounts given of the long trains of prisoners, the most melancholy features are these women—defiant, jeering, and shameless—on their way to the hulks or the scaffold, or the trench, where the firing party awaited them.

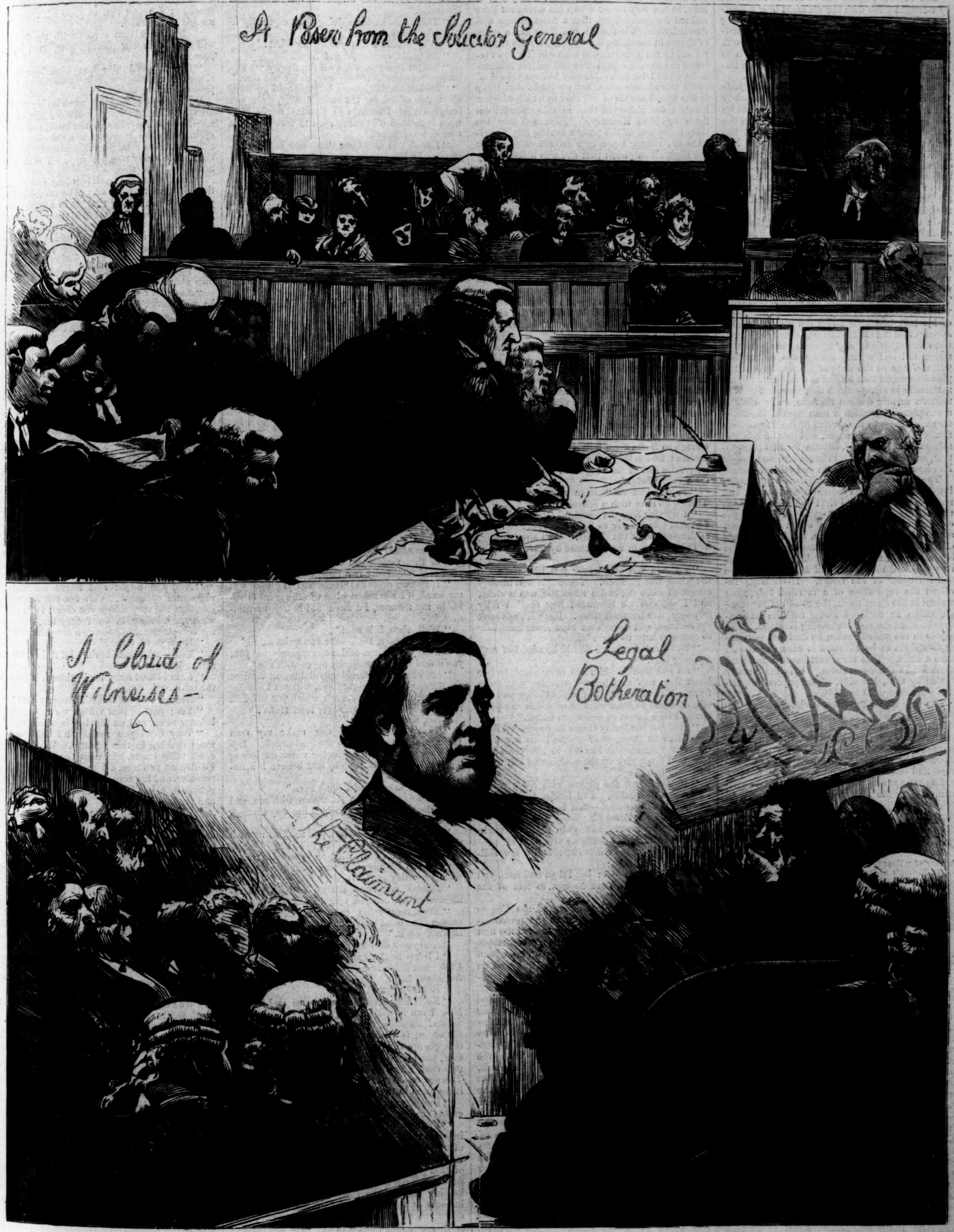
an officer. Each woman had a Chassepôt slung across her shoulders, and a belt and cartouch box, amply supplied with cartridges, round her waist. The by-standers signified their disgust, but took care not to speak too loud, as it was evident these women were disposed to do something desperate."

THE TICHBORNE CASE.

One of the most romantic trials on record is now in progress in one of the London courts, involving the title and estates of an ancient baronetcy, with a rent-roll equal to $150,000 a year in gold. The case is briefly this: In 1853 Roger Charles Tichborne, son of Sir James Francis Tichborne, left England for Valparaiso. Up to April, 1854, letters came from him to his mother, who learned from them that he was engaged in traveling in various parts of South America. He also sent home birds, some pictures, and some peculiar spurs and stirrups. In the course of 1854 intelligence was received at Tichborne that Roger had taken passage at Rio de Janeiro in April, on the ship *Bella*, bound for New York, that she had foundered at sea, and that the owners and underwriters treated her as having been lost. No tidings came of the crew, except that one boat belonging to the *Bella* had been met with on the ocean with no one on board, and it was taken for granted that the whole crew were drowned. This seems to have been accepted as conclusive by all but Lady Tichborne, who clung to the belief that her son was saved, and had a presentiment that she would one day see him again.

Some time in 1858 a common sailor presented himself at Tichborne Park with the story that he had just arrived from Australia. He asked for alms, and had a conversation with Lady Tichborne, in which he declared that he had heard that a boat's crew from a ship, which he thought was the *Bella*, had been picked up at sea and brought into Melbourne. Sir James Tichborne, the father, did not think the report worth notice. The mother, however, finding in it a corroboration of her cherished hopes, clung to it as gospel. She caused advertisements to be inserted in the Australian papers, and took various other measures to discover her lost son. All were unavailing, it appears, until after the death of Sir James. But in the month of March, 1866, she at last received a letter from Sir Roger, written from New South Wales, expressing the wish to come home directly, and asking that money should be sent to enable him to do so. This was done, and he arrived in Paris, to meet his mother, accompanied by a wife and child, in January, 1867. He being unwell, Lady Tichborne went to see him at a hotel in the Rue St. Honoré. She "instantly recognized him" as her first-born son, Roger Charles Tichborne.

Her conviction on this point is strongly ex-



THE TICHBORNE TRIAL—SKETCHES IN COURT.

pressed in an affidavit to which she has sworn, one paragraph of which reads as follows:

"I am certain as I am of my own existence, and distinctly and positively swear, that the plaintiff is my first-born son, the issue of my marriage with the said Sir JAMES FRANCIS DOUGHTY TICHBORNE (deceased). His features, disposition, and voice are unmistakable, and must, in my judgment, be recognized by impartial and unprejudiced persons who knew him before he left England in the year 1853."

The mother's belief was further strengthened by constant talks with the claimant over numerous private family matters that occurred during her son's youth, by his reminding her of the articles he had sent her from South America, etc. All this evidence, she says in her affidavit, is to her mind most conclusive, and declares it is impossible she can be mistaken in his identity.

The evidence of other persons is equally positive in his favor. GEORGE ALLEN, formerly butler in the TICHBORNE family, swears that he has no doubt of the claimant's identity with the veritable Sir ROGER. THOMAS CARTER, the body-servant of Sir ROGER in 1852, is no less positive. He has "no more doubt that the claimant is the ROGER TICHBORNE of 1852 than he has that he, CARTER, is himself." Other people in or connected with the regiment to which Sir ROGER belonged likewise recollect and identify him.

On the other hand, the evidence against the claimant is equally strong and positive. Several witnesses—one of them a well-known clergyman—who knew Sir ROGER before his disappearance swear that they do not believe the claimant to be Sir ROGER. The real baronet was educated in France, and spoke French with fluency. The claimant is quite ignorant of that language, which he professes to have forgotten in the course of his long knocking about the world. It also appears that the Sir ROGER who sailed for Valparaiso was short and slight, while the claimant is rather tall and stout. As he was twenty-four years of age at the time of his departure, it is plausibly urged that he can scarcely have altered materially in stature since that time. The contestants further declare that the whole affair is a conspiracy, of which a man named BOGLE—for many years in the service of the TICHBORNE family—is the prime mover, and that he it is who selected his man in Australia for this personation, supplied him with information, and taught him how to play his delicate and critical part.

The examination of the claimant by the Solicitor-General has been searching and severe, and nothing in fiction could rival one scene in which the claimant was interrogated respecting the contents of a sealed packet which Sir ROGER, at the time of his departure, left in the hands of his business agent, to be acted on only on the happening of certain events. The claimant was very reluctant to answer, and did so only on the positive order of the Court. His answer involved the reputation of a married lady, then present in the court-room, the cousin of Sir ROGER, whom he declared under oath he had seduced a short time before leaving England. The papers in the sealed packet he declared contained directions to be followed in case she should have a child. This statement made a profound sensation in the court-room. It is indignantly denied by the other side. The papers in question were destroyed in 1854.

The heir whom the present claimant will dispossess, in case his pretensions are made good, is a lad named HENRY A. J. TICHBORNE, grandson of Sir JAMES, and son of ALFRED TICHBORNE, also deceased. The trial promises to be one of extraordinary length as well as excitement and interest. The illustrations on the preceding page are from sketches taken in the court-room during the trial.

LORD KILGOBBIN.

By CHARLES LEVER.

Author of "That Bóy of Norcott's," "The Bramleighs of Bishop's Folly," "Sir Brooke Fossbrooke," "A Day's Ride," "One of Them," "Gerald Fitzgerald," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XI.

WHAT THE PAPERS SAID OF IT.

THE wounded man had just fallen into a first sleep after his disaster, when the press of the capital was already proclaiming throughout the land the attack and search for arms at Kilgobbin Castle. In the national papers a very few lines were devoted to the event; indeed, their tone was one of party sneer at the importance given by their contemporaries to a very ordinary incident. "Is there," asked the *Convicted Felon*, "any thing very strange or new in the fact that Irishmen have determined to be armed? Is English legislation in this country so marked by justice, clemency, and generosity that the people of Ireland prefer to submit their lives and fortunes to its sway to trusting what brave men alone trust in—their fearlessness and their daring? What is there, then, so remarkable in the repairing to Mr. Kearney's house for a loan of those weapons of which his family for several generations have forgotten the use?" In the government journals the story of the attack was headed, "Attack on Kilgobbin Castle. Heroic Resistance by a Young Lady:" in which Kate Kearney's conduct was described in colors of extravagant eulogy. She was alternately Joan of Arc and the Maid of Saragossa, and it was gravely discussed whether any and what honors of the Crown were at her Majesty's disposal to reward such brilliant heroism. In another print of the same stamp the narrative began: "The disastrous condition of our country is never displayed in darker colors than when the totally unprovoked character of some outrage has to be recorded by the press. It is our melancholy task to present such a case as this to our readers to-day. If it was our wish to exhibit to a stranger the picture of an Irish estate in which all the blessings of good management, intelligence, kindliness, and Christian charity were displayed—to show him a property where the well-being of landlord and tenant were inextricably united, where the condition of the people, their dress, their homes, their food, and their daily comforts could stand comparison with the most favored English county—we should point to the Kearney estate of Kilgobbin; and yet it is here, in the very house where his ancestors have resided for generations, that a most savage and dastardly attack is made: and if we feel a sense of shame in recording the outrage, we are recompensed by the proud elation with which we can recount the repulse—the noble and gallant achievement of an Irish girl. History has the record of more momentous feats, but we doubt that there is one in the annals of any land in which a higher heroism was displayed than in this splendid defense by Miss Kearney." Then followed the story; not one of the papers having any knowledge of Walpole's presence on the occasion, or the slightest suspicion that she was aided in any way.

Joe Atlee was busily engaged in conning over and comparing these somewhat contradictory reports as he sat at his breakfast, his chum, Kearney, being still in bed and asleep, after a late night at a ball. At last there came a telegraphic dispatch for Kearney; armed with which, Joe entered the bedroom and woke him.

"Here's something for you, Dick," cried he. "Are you too sleepy to read it?"

"Tear it open and see what it is, like a good fellow," said the other, indolently.

"It's from your sister—at least it is signed Kate. It says: 'There is no cause for alarm. All is going on well, and papa will be back this evening. I write by this post.'"

"What does all that mean?" cried Dick, in surprise.

"The whole story is in the papers. The boys have taken the opportunity of your father's absence from home to make a demand for arms at your house, and your sister, it seems, showed fight and beat them off. They talk of two fellows being seen badly wounded, but, of course, that part of the story can not be relied on. That they got enough to make them beat a retreat is, however, certain; and as they were what is called a strong party, the feat of resisting them is no small glory for a young lady."

"It was just what Kate was certain to do. There's no man with a braver heart."

"I wonder how the beautiful Greek behaved? I should like greatly to hear what part she took in the defense of the citadel. Was she fainting, or in hysterics, or so overcome by terror as to be unconscious?"

"I'll give you any wager you like Kate did the whole thing herself. There was a Whiteboy attack to force the stairs when she was a child, and I suppose we rehearsed that combat fully fifty—ay, five hundred times. Kate always took the defense, and though we were sometimes four to one, she kept us back."

"By Jove! I think I should be afraid of such a young lady."

"So you would. She has more pluck in her heart than half that blessed province you come from. That's the blood of the old stock you are often pleased to sneer at, and of which the present will be a lesson to teach you better."

"May not the lovely Greek be descended from some ancient stock, too? Who is to say what blood of Pericles she has not in her veins? I tell you I'll not give up the notion that she was a sharer in this glory."

"If you've got the papers with the account, let me see them, Joe. I've half a mind to run down by the night mail—that is, if I can. Have you got any tin, Atlee?"

"There were some shillings in one of my pockets last night. How much do you want?"

"Eighteen-and-six first class, and a few shillings for a cab."

"I can manage that; but I'll go and fetch you the papers; there's time enough to talk of the journey."

The newsman had just deposited the *Croppy* on the table as Joe returned to the breakfast-table, and the story of Kilgobbin headed the first column in large capitals. "While our contemporaries," it began, "are recounting with more than their wonted eloquence the injuries inflicted on three poor laboring men, who, in their ignorance of the locality, had the temerity to ask for alms at Kilgobbin Castle yesterday evening, and were ignominiously driven away from the door by a young lady whose benevolence was administered through a blunderbuss, we, who form no portion of the polite press, and have no pretension to mix in what are euphuistically called the 'best circles' of this capital, would like to ask, for the information of those humble classes among which our readers are found, is it the custom for young ladies to await the absence of their fathers to entertain young gentlemen tourists? and is a reputation for even heroic courage not somewhat dearly purchased at the price of the companionship of the admittedly most profligate man of a vicious and corrupt society? The heroine who defended Kilgobbin can reply to our query."

Joe Atlee read this paragraph three times over before he carried in the paper to Kearney.

"Here's an insolent paragraph, Dick," he cried, as he threw the paper to him on the bed. "Of course it's a thing can not be noticed in any way, but it's not the less rascally for that."

"You know the fellow who edits this paper, Joe?" said Kearney, trembling with passion.

"No; my friend is doing his bit of oakum at Kilmainham. They gave him thirteen months, and a fine that he'll never be able to pay; but what would you do if the fellow who wrote it were in the next room this moment?"

"Thrash him within an inch of his life."

"And, with the inch of life left him, he'd get strong again and write at you and all belonging to you every day of his existence. Don't you see that all this license is one of the prices of liberty? There's no guarding against excesses when you establish a rivalry. The doctors could tell you how many diseased lungs and aneurisms are made by training for a rowing-match."

"I'll go down by the mail to-night and see what has given the origin to this scandalous falsehood."

"There's no harm in doing that, especially if you take me with you."

"Why should I take you, or for what?"

"As guide, counselor, and friend."

"Bright thought, when all the money we can muster between us is only enough for one fare."

"Doubtless, first class; but we could go third class, two of us, for the same money. Do you imagine that Damon and Pythias would have been separated if it came even to traveling in a cow compartment?"

"I wish you could see that there are circumstances in life where the comic man is out of place."

"I trust I shall never discover them; at least so long as fate treats me with 'heavy tragedy.'"

"I'm not exactly sure, either, whether they'd like to receive you just now at Kilgobbin."

"Inhospitable thought! My heart assures me of a most cordial welcome."

"And I should only stay a day or two at farthest."

"Which would suit me to perfection. I must be back here by Tuesday if I had to walk the distance."

"Not at all improbable, so far as I know of your resources."

"What a churlish dog it is! Now had you, Master Dick, proposed to me that we should go down and pass a week at a certain small thatched cottage on the banks of the Ban, where a Presbyterian minister with eight olive-branches vegetates, discussing tough mutton and tougher theology on Sundays, and getting through the rest of the week with the parables and potatoes, I'd have said, Done!"

"It was the inopportune time I was thinking of. Who knows what confusion this event may not have thrown them into? If you like to risk the discomfort, I make no objection."

"To so heartily expressed an invitation there can be but one answer, I yield."

"Now look here, Joe, I'd better be frank with you: don't try it on at Kilgobbin as you do with me."

"You are afraid of my insinuating manners, are you?"

"I am afraid of your confounded impudence, and of that notion you can not get rid of, that your cool familiarity is a fashionable tone."

"How men mistake themselves! I pledge you my word, if I was asked what was the great blemish in my manner, I'd have said it was bashfulness."

"Well, then, it is not!"

"Are you sure, Dick—are you quite sure?"

"I am quite sure, and, unfortunately for you, you'll find that the majority agree with me."

"'A wise man should guard himself against the defects that he might have, without knowing it.' That is a Persian proverb, which you will find in Hafiz. I believe you never read Hafiz?"

"No, nor you either."

"That's true; but I can make my own Hafiz, and just as good as the real article. By-the-way, are you aware that the water-carriers at Tehran sing 'Lalla Rookh,' and believe it a national poem?"

"I don't know, and I don't care."

"I'll bring down an Anacreon with me, and see if the Greek cousin can spell her way through an ode."

"And I distinctly declare you shall do no such thing."

"Oh dear, oh dear, what an unamiable trait is envy! By-the-way, was that your frock-coat I wore yesterday at the races?"

"I think you know it was; at least you remembered it when you tore the sleeve."

"True, most true; that torn sleeve was the reason the rascal would only let me have fifteen shillings on it."

"And you mean to say you pawned my coat?"

"I left it in the temporary care of a relative, Dick; but it is a redeemable mortgage, and don't fret about it."

"Ever the same!"

"No, Dick; that means worse and worse! Now I am in the process of reformation. The natural selection, however, where honesty is in the series, is a slow proceeding, and the organic changes are very complicated. As I know, however, you attach value to the effect you produce in that coat, I'll go and recover it. I shall not need Terence or Juvenal till we come back, and I'll leave them in the avuncular hands till then."

"I wonder you are not ashamed of these miserable straits."

"I am very much ashamed of the world that imposes them on me. I'm thoroughly ashamed of that public in lacquered leather that sees me walking in broken boots. I'm heartily ashamed of that well-fed, well-dressed, sleek society that never so much as asked whether the intellectual-looking man in the shabby hat, who looked so lovingly at the spiced beef in the window, had dined yet, or was he fasting for a wager?"

"There, don't carry away that newspaper; I want to read over that pleasant paragraph again."

CHAPTER XII.

THE JOURNEY TO THE COUNTRY.

THE two friends were deposited at the Moate station at a few minutes after midnight, and their available resources amounting to something short of two shillings, and the fare of a car and horse to Kilgobbin being more than three times that amount, they decided to devote their small balance to purposes of refreshment, and then set out for the castle on foot.

"It is a fine moonlight; I know all the short-cuts, and I want a bit of walking besides," said Kearney; and though Joe was of a self-indulgent temperament, and would like to have gone to bed after his supper and trusted to the chapter of accidents to reach Kilgobbin by a conveyance some time, any time, he had to yield his consent and set out on the road.

"The fellow who comes with the letter-bag will fetch over our portmanteau," said Dick, as they started.

"I wish you'd give him directions to take charge of me, too," said Joe, who felt very indisposed to a long walk.

"I like *you*," said Dick, sneeringly; "you are always telling me that you are the sort of fellow for a new colony, life in the bush, and the rest of it, and when it comes to a question of a few miles' tramp on a bright night in June, you try to skulk it in every possible way. You're a great humbug, Master Joe."

"And you a very small humbug, and there lies the difference between us. The combinations in your mind are so few that, as in a game of only three cards, there is no skill in the playing; while in my nature, as in that game called tarocco, there are half a dozen packs mixed up together, and the address required to play them is considable."

"You have a very satisfactory estimate of your own abilities, Joe."

"And why not? If a clever fellow didn't know he was clever, the opinion of the world on his superiority would probably turn his brain."

"And what do you say if his own vanity should do it?"

"There is really no way of explaining to a fellow like you—"

"What do you mean by a fellow like me?" broke in Dick, somewhat angrily.

"I mean this, that I'd as soon set to work to explain the theory of exchequer bonds to an Esquimaux as to make an unimaginative man understand something purely speculative. What you and scores of fellows like you denominate vanity, is only another form of hopefulness. You and your brethren—for you are a large family—do not know what it is to Hope! that is, you have no idea of what it is to build on the foundation of certain qualities you recognize in yourself, and to say that 'If I can go so far with such a gift, such another will help me on so much farther.'"

"I tell you one thing I do hope, which is, that the next time I set out on a twelve miles' walk, I'll have a companion less imbued with self-admiration."

"And you might and might not find him pleasanter company. Can not you see, old fellow, that the very things you object to in me are what are wanting in you? they are, so to say, the complements of your own temperament."

"Have you a cigar?"

"Two—take them both. I'd rather talk than smoke just now."

"I am almost sorry for it, though it gives me the tobacco."

"Are we on your father's property yet?"

"Yes; part of that village we came through belongs to us, and all this bog here is ours."

"Why don't you reclaim it? labor costs a mere nothing in this country. Why don't you drain these tracts, and treat the soil with lime? I'd live on potatoes, I'd make my family live on potatoes, and my son, and my grandson, for three generations, but I'd win this land back to culture and productiveness."

"The fee-simple of the soil wouldn't pay the cost. It would be cheaper to save the money and buy an estate."

"That is one, and a very narrow view of it; but imagine the glory of restoring a lost tract to a nation, welcoming back the prodigal, and installing him in his place among his brethren. This was all forest once. Under the shade of the mighty oaks here those gallant O'Caharneys, your ancestors, followed the chase, or rested at noon-tide, or skedaddled in double-quick before those smart English of the Pale, who, I must say, treated your forebears with scant courtesy."

"We held our own against them for many a year."

"Only when it became so small it was not worth taking. Is not your father a Whig?"

"He's a Liberal, but he troubles himself little about parties."

"He's a stout Catholic, though, isn't he?"

"He is a very devout believer in his Church," said Dick, with the tone of one who did not desire to continue the theme.

"Then why does he stop at whiggery? why not go in for nationalism and all the rest of it?"

"And what's all the rest of it?"

"Great Ireland—no first flower of the earth or gem of the sea humbug—but Ireland great in prosperity, her harbors full of ships, the woolen trade, her ancient staple, revived; all that vast unused water-power, greater than all the steam of Manchester and Birmingham tenfold, at full work; the linen manufacture developed and promoted—"

"And the Union repealed?"

"Of course; that should be first of all. Not that I object to the Union as many do, on the grounds of English ignorance as to Ireland. My dislike is, that, for the sake of carrying through certain measures necessary to Irish interests, I must sit and discuss questions which have no possible concern for me, and touch me no more than the debates in the Cortes, or the Reichskammer at Vienna. What do you or I care for who rules India, or who owns Turkey? What interest of mine is it whether Great Britain has five iron-clads or fifty, or whether the Yankees take Canada, and the Russians Caboul?"

"You're a Fenian, and I am not."

"I suppose you'd call yourself an Englishman?"

"I'm an English subject, and I owe my allegiance to England."

"Perhaps, for that matter, I owe some too; but I owe a great many things that I don't distress myself about paying."

"Whatever your sentiments are on these matters—and, Joe, I am not disposed to think you have any very fixed ones—pray do me the favor to keep them to yourself while under my father's roof. I can almost promise you he'll obtrude none of his peculiar opinions on *you*, and I hope you will treat *him* with a like delicacy."

"What will your folks talk, then? I can't suppose they care for books, art, or the drama. There is no society, so there can be no gossip. If that yonder be the cabin of one of your tenants, I'll certainly not start the question of farming."

"There are poor on every estate," said Dick, curtly.

"Now what sort of a rent does that fellow pay—five pounds a year?"

"More likely five-and-twenty or thirty shillings."

"By Jove! I'd like to set up house in that fashion, and make love to some delicately nurtured miss, win her affections, and bring her home to such a spot. Wouldn't that be a touchstone of affection, Dick?"

"If I could believe you were in earnest, I'd throw you neck and heels into that bog-hole."

"Oh, if you would!" cried he; and there was a ring of truthfulness in his voice now there could be no mistaking.

Half ashamed of the emotion his idle speech had called up, and uncertain how best to treat the emergency, Kearney said nothing, and Atlee walked along for miles without a word.

"You can see the house now. It tops the trees yonder," said Dick.

"That is Kilgobbin Castle, then?" said Joe, slowly.

"There's not much of castle left about it. There is a square block of a tower, and you can trace the moat and some remains of outworks."

"Shall I make you a confession, Dick? I envy you all that! I envy you what smacks of a race, a name, an ancestry, a lineage. It's a great thing to be able to 'take up the running,' as the folks say, instead of making all the race yourself; and there's one inestimable advantage in it, it rescues you from all indecent haste about asserting your station. You feel yourself to be a somebody, and you're not hurried to proclaim it. There now, my boy, if you'd have said only half as much as that on the score of your family, I'd have called you an arrant snob. So much for consistency!"

"What you have said gave me pleasure, I'll own that."

"I suppose it was you planted those trees there. It was a nice thought, and makes the transition from the bleak bog to the cultivated land more easy and graceful. Now I see the Castle well. It's a fine portly mass against the morning sky, and I perceive you fly a flag over it."

"When the lord is at home."

"Ay; and by-the-way, do you give him his title while talking to him here?"

"The tenants do, and the neighbors and strangers do as they please about it."

"Does he like it himself?"

"If I was to guess, I should perhaps say he does like it. Here we are now. Inside this low gate you are within the demesne, and I may bid you welcome to Kilgobbin. We shall build a lodge here one of these days. There's a good stretch, however, yet to the Castle. We call it two miles, and it's not far short of it."

"What a glorious morning! There is an ecstasy in scenting these nice fresh woods in the clear sunrise, and seeing those modest daffodils make their morning toilet."

"That's a fancy of Kate's. There is a border of such wild flowers all the way to the house."

"And those rills of clear water that flank the road, are they of her designing?"

"That they are. There was a cutting made for a railroad line about four miles from this, and they came upon a sort of pudding-stone formation, made up chiefly of white pebbles. Kate heard of it, purchased the whole mass, and had these channels paved with them from the gate to the Castle, and that's the reason this water has its crystal clearness."

"She's worthy of Shakspeare's sweet epithet, the 'daintiest Kate in Christendom.' Here's her health!" and he stooped down, and, filling his palm with the running water, drank it off.

"I see it's not yet five o'clock. We'll steal quietly off to bed, and have three or four hours' sleep before we show ourselves."

CHAPTER XIII.

A SICK-ROOM.

CECIL WALPOLE occupied the state-room and the state-bed at Kilgobbin Castle; but the pain of a very serious wound had left him very little faculty to know what honor was rendered him, or of what watchful solicitude he was the object. The fever brought on by his wound had obliterated in his mind all memory of where he was: and it was only now—that is, on the same morning that the young men had arrived at the Castle—that he was able to converse without much difficulty, and enjoy the companionship of Lockwood, who had come over to see him, and scarcely quitted his bedside since the disaster.

"It seems going on all right," said Lockwood, as he lifted the iced cloths to look at the smashed limb, which lay swollen and livid on a pillow outside the clothes.

"It's not pretty to look at, Harry; but the doctor says 'we shall save it'—his phrase for not cutting it off."

"They've taken up two fellows on suspicion, and I believe they were of the party here that night."

"I don't much care about that. It was a fair fight, and I suspect I did not get the worst of it. What really does grieve me is to think how ingloriously one gets a wound that in real war would have been a title of honor."

"If I had to give a V. C. for this affair, it would be to that fine girl I'd give it, and not to you, Cecil."

"So should I. There is no question whatever as to our respective shares in the achievement."

"And she is so modest and unaffected about it all, and when she was showing me the position and the alcove she never ceased to lay stress on the safety she enjoyed during the conflict."

"Then she said nothing about standing in front of me after I was wounded?"

"Not a word. She said a great deal about your coolness and indifference to danger, but nothing about her own."

"Well, I suppose it's almost a shame to own it—not that I could have done any thing to prevent it—but she did step down one step of the stair and actually cover me from fire."

"She's the finest girl in Europe!" said Lockwood, warmly.

"And if it was not the contrast with her cousin, I'd almost say one of the handsomest," said Cecil.

"The Greek is splendid, I admit that, though she'll not speak—she'll scarcely notice me."

"How is that?"

"I can't imagine, except it might have been an awkward speech I made when we were talking over the row. I said, 'Where were you? what were you doing all this time?'"

"And what answer did she make you?"

"None: not a word. She drew herself proudly up, and opened her eyes so large and full upon me that I felt I must have appeared some sort of monster to be so stared at."

"I've seen her do that."

"It was very grand and very beautiful; but I'll be shot if I'd like to stand under it again. From that time to this she has never deigned me more than a mere salutation."

"And are you good friends with the other girl?"

"The best in the world. I don't see much of her, for she's always abroad, over the farm or among the tenants; but when we meet we are very cordial and friendly."

"And the father, what is he like?"

"My lord is a glorious old fellow, full of hospitable plans and pleasant projects; but terribly distressed to think that this unlucky incident should prejudice you against Ireland. Indeed, he gave me to understand that there must have been some mistake or misconception in the matter, for the Castle had never been attacked before; and he insists on saying that if you will stop here—I think he said ten years—you'll not see another such occurrence."

"It's rather a hard way to test the problem, though."

"What's more, he included me in the experiment."

"And this title? Does he assume it, or expect it to be recognized?"

"I can scarcely tell you. The Greek girl 'mylords' him occasionally; his daughter, never. The servants always do so; and I take it that people use their own discretion about it."

"Or do it in a sort of indolent courtesy, as they call Marsala, sherry, but take care at the same time to pass the decanter. I believe you telegraphed to his Excellency?"

"Yes; and he means to come over next week."

"Any news of Lady Maude?"

"Only that she comes with him, and I'm sorry for it."

"So am I—deuced sorry! In a gossiping town like Dublin there will surely be some story afloat about these handsome girls here. She saw the Greek, too, at the Duke of Rigati's ball at Rome, and she never forgets a name or a face. A pleasant trait in a wife."

"Of course the best plan will be to get removed, and be safely installed in our old quarters at the Castle before they arrive."

"We must hear what the doctor says."

"He'll say no, naturally, for he'll not like to lose his patient. He will have to convey you to town, and we'll try and make him believe it will be the making of him. Don't you agree with me, Cecil, it's the thing to do?"

"I have not thought it over yet. I will to-day. By-the-way, I know it's the thing to do," repeated he, with an air of determination. "There will be all manner of reports, scandals, and falsehoods to no end about this business here; and when Lady Maude learns, as she is sure to learn, that the 'Greek girl' is in the story, I can not measure the mischief that may come of it."

"Break off the match, eh?"

"That is certainly 'on the cards.'"

"I suspect even that wouldn't break your heart."

"I don't say it would, but it would prove very inconvenient in many ways. Danesbury has great claims on his party. He came here as Viceroy dead against his will, and, depend upon it, he made his terms. Then if these people go out, and the Tories want to outbid them, Danesbury could take—ay, and would take—office under them."

"I can not follow all that. All I know is, I like the old boy himself, though he is a bit pompous now and then, and fancies he's Emperor of Russia."

"I wish his niece didn't imagine she was an imperial princess."

"That she does! I think she is the haughtiest girl I ever met. To be sure, she was a great beauty."

"*Was*, Harry! What do you mean by 'was?' Lady Maude is not eight-and-twenty."

"Ain't she, though? Will you have a ten-pound note on it that she's not over thirty-one; and I can tell you who could decide the wager?"

"A delicate thought!—a fellow betting on the age of the girl he's going to marry!"

"Ten o'clock—nearly half past ten!" said Lockwood, rising from his chair. "I must go and have some breakfast. I meant to have been down in time to-day, and breakfasted with the old fellow and his daughter; for coming late brings me to a *tête-à-tête* with the Greek damsel, and it isn't jolly, I assure you."

"Don't you speak?"

"Never a word! She's generally reading a newspaper when I go in. She lays it down; but after remarking that she fears I'll find the coffee cold, she goes on with her breakfast, kisses her Maltese terrier, asks him a few questions about his health, and whether he would like to be in a warmer climate, and then sails away."

"And how she walks!"

"Is she bored here?"

"She says not."

"She can scarcely like these people: they're not the sort of thing she has ever been used to."

"She tells me she likes them; they certainly like her."

"Well," said Lockwood, with a sigh, "she's the most beautiful woman, certainly, I've ever seen; and at this moment I'd rather eat a crust with a glass of beer under a hedge, than I'd go down and sit at breakfast with her."

"I'll be shot if I'll not tell her that speech the first day I'm down again."

"So you may, for by that time I shall have seen her for the last time." And with this he strolled out of the room and down the stairs toward the breakfast parlor.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

LATE advices from Professor HAYDEN'S expedition announced that he was to leave Ogden, Utah, on the 9th of June for Virginia City and Fort Ellis, in Montana, a distance of about 430 miles, with the special object of proceeding from the last-mentioned place to the exploration of the Yellow Stone Lake and its immediate vicinity. It is an interesting fact that the head waters of tributaries of the Columbia, the Colorado, the Missouri, and the Yellow Stone rivers rise within a short distance of each other in this mysterious region; which, in addition, is characterized by an extraordinary development of hot springs, spouting geysers, mud volcanoes, extensive beds of sulphur, gypsum, the silicates, etc.

The party, as at present organized, embraces thirty-two persons, including specialists in all branches of science, and accompanied by several artists, who take advantage of Dr. HAYDEN'S protection to visit the interesting region referred to. The party carries materials for a boat, which is to be launched on the Yellow Stone Lake, and used in a thorough hydrographical and topographical survey of it. As the expedition will probably remain in that vicinity during the summer, we may hope for a complete solution of all the remaining questions in regard to its physical features and natural history. A competent photographer with the expedition expects to make instantaneous views of the spouting geysers, so as to enable those who can not visit the locality to have a correct idea of their character.

A company of cavalry will escort the expedition into the Yellow Stone Lake region, although no trouble from the Indians is anticipated. In the course of the journey from Ogden to Fort Ellis it is proposed to make an accurate map of a belt fifty miles wide, so as to furnish a basis for reference in subsequent explorations.

According to Captain KOLDEWAY, of the *Germania* steamer, the glaciers of Spitzbergen differ especially from those of Switzerland in stretching down into the sea, where they end in a perpendicular wall, and in having the upper surface somewhat polished, and free from all roughness and ice blocks. In the glaciers examined at Augusta Bay and William Island there were no crevasses. Moraines, however, occurred, those of the great glacier of the former locality consisting of limestone and basalt.

Dr. FRANKLAND, in a late number of *Nature*, makes an unfavorable comparison between the scientific activity of Great Britain and Germany as far as chemistry is concerned. He remarks that in 1866 there were published 1273 papers on new discoveries, by 805 chemists—an average of 1.58 to each investigator. Of these Germany contributed 445 authors and 777 papers, being considerably more than one-half, or 1.75 to each author. France furnished 170 authors and 245 papers, or 1.44 to each author; while the United Kingdom supplied only 97 authors and 127 papers, or 1.31 papers to each author, the proportion from all other countries consisting of 93 authors and 124 papers, or 1.33 to each author. It is not stated what number of these were American. He furthermore remarks that the showing is still worse when we bear in mind the fact that a large number of papers credited to the United Kingdom are really the work of chemists born and educated in Germany. The causes of this low condition of chemical activity, shared also by other branches of science, he finds to be in the want of suitable buildings and apparatus for the prosecution of chemical investigations, and in the non-recognition of experimental research by any of the English universities.

In the monthly report of the Department of Agriculture for March and April of the present year we find a valuable paper upon the cultivation of the cinchona in Jamaica, by Dr. C. C. PARRY, the botanist of the Department, who accompanied the San Domingo investigating committee, and in returning spent some time in Jamaica. As the general result of his inquiries in regard to the cultivation of this plant, and the possibility of introducing it into any portion of the United States, he states, first, that the peculiar conditions of soil and climate suitable for the growth of the best varieties of cinchona plants can not be found within the present limits of the United States, where no suitable elevations possessing an equable, moist, cool climate, free from frost, can be met with; second, that the island of San Domingo, located within the tropics, and traversed by extensive mountain ranges attaining elevations of over 6000 feet above the sea, presents a larger scope of country especially adapted to the growth of cinchonas than any other insular region in the western hemisphere; third, that the existence of successful cinchona plantations in Jamaica, within two days' sail from San Domingo, would afford the material for stocking new plantations in the latter island at the least possible expense of time and labor.

It is reported that, in boring for salt at Sperenberg, near Berlin, Prussia, they have penetrated to the enormous depth of 5500 feet—the greatest depth ever reached either by mining or boring—3200 feet of this being in a bed of solid salt, which has not yet been pierced through. It is thought probable that this stratum of salt, originally horizontal, has been uplifted by some catastrophe and brought into a more or less inclined or even a vertical position. Further researches will prove or disprove the truth of this explanation.

Among the latest novelties in industrial operations appears to be a method devised in South America for loosening the skin of dead cattle, by the insertion of a pipe at some point between the skin and carcass, through which air is forced. The distention produced by the air separates the entire skin in a very short time from the subjacent fat and flesh, so that the hide can be taken off, and the whole operation completed, according to our informant, in the space of one minute. It is not impossible that some such application as this may be employed to advantage by the taxidermist for the purpose of more readily removing the skin from mammals and birds. Some species, at least, would be susceptible of this treatment, although in others the adhesion would probably be too great to admit of it.

The Chamber of Commerce and Industry of Passau, Lower Bavaria, has recently taken steps toward the organization of a potter's school, to be connected with the collection of patterns and models in Landshut. It was maintained that such an institution is an absolute necessity for the promotion of the potter's industry in Lower Bavaria.

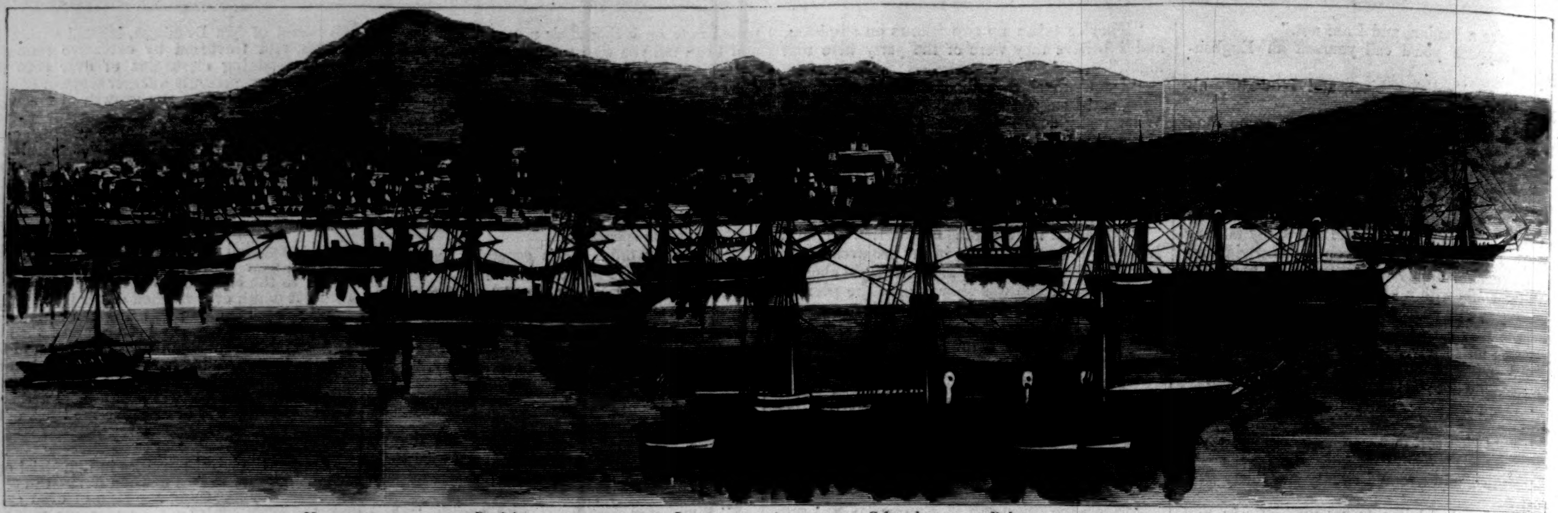
At the recent annual dinner of the Royal Academy of England Professor HUXLEY, in returning thanks for the Royal Society, stated that he was at last able to present a tangible distinction between men and animals. The old differences so constantly relied upon have one by one proved to be unsatisfactory. Thus other species besides man walk on two legs, and have no feathers; caterpillars make themselves clothes, while kangaroos have pockets; the dog reasons and loves much as one's neighbors do; parrots, again, utter what deserves the name of sense as much as a great deal of that which it would be rude to call nonsense; and beavers and ants engineer as well as the members of the noblest of professions. After all, however, man alone can draw, or make unto himself a likeness. This, then, should be considered the great distinction of humanity; and the most pre-eminently human of creatures are those that possess this distinction in the highest degree. Consequently the most eminent of the artists of the day is to be considered the highest specimen of mankind!

A patent has lately been taken out by Messrs. MADELOCK & BAILEY for a method of preserving meat by means of bisulphite of lime. For this purpose one gallon of the solution of this salt, of the specific gravity of 1.05, is combined with one-half a pound of common salt and four gallons of water. This, it is asserted, will preserve meat perfectly well for months, or even years. If this statement be substantiated by experiment, it will furnish a means for utilizing an immense quantity of flesh that now goes to waste, as it seems from the statement that this meat when cooked is not appreciably different from that which is perfectly fresh, and is without any taste of chemical substances.

Professor LEIDY lately exhibited before the Academy of Natural Sciences of Philadelphia the foot of a horse in which one of the usual splint-like rudiments at the side of the common bone had undergone development to such a degree as to give rise to an additional toe provided with two phalanges, of which the last one is incased in a hoof. He remarked that if the corresponding rudiment on the other side of the foot had been developed in the same manner, the specimen would have represented the condition of the extinct three-toed horses of the genus *Hipparion*.

Mr. VARLEY has lately expressed the belief that many earthquakes are due to the action of magnetic currents through the body of the earth, basing this impression upon the frequent coincidence of violent disturbances of the magnetic needle with earthquake shocks. This view is corroborated by a recent communication of Professor SUMICHRAST, an eminent naturalist residing in Mexico, who expresses the opinion that it will not be far from the truth to state that the majority of earthquakes experienced in Mexico are due to magnetic agencies rather than volcanic, the concurrent deviation of the magnetic needle, the sudden heating of the atmosphere, etc., seeming to point to magnetic action.

Dr. CARPENTER, in a late communication to *Nature*, calls attention to the neglect, in the late discussions upon the ocean currents, of published observations made upon the influence of variations of barometric pressure upon the sea level. In this connection he remarks that, according to one author, a fall of one inch in the barometer is pretty uniformly accompanied by a rise of the sea level to about thirteen times this amount, or thirteen inches; and another makes the ratio to be about one to thirteen and a half inches, this being subsequently corrected to about twelve and three-fourths inches. Dr. CARPENTER thinks that this relationship of barometric pressure to the height of the tides may serve to explain a number of anomalous phenomena that have perplexed observers, especially with reference to unusual rises of tides, and their retention at a high level longer than customary.



THE SQUADRON AT ANCHOR IN THE HARBOR OF NANGASAKI, JAPAN.

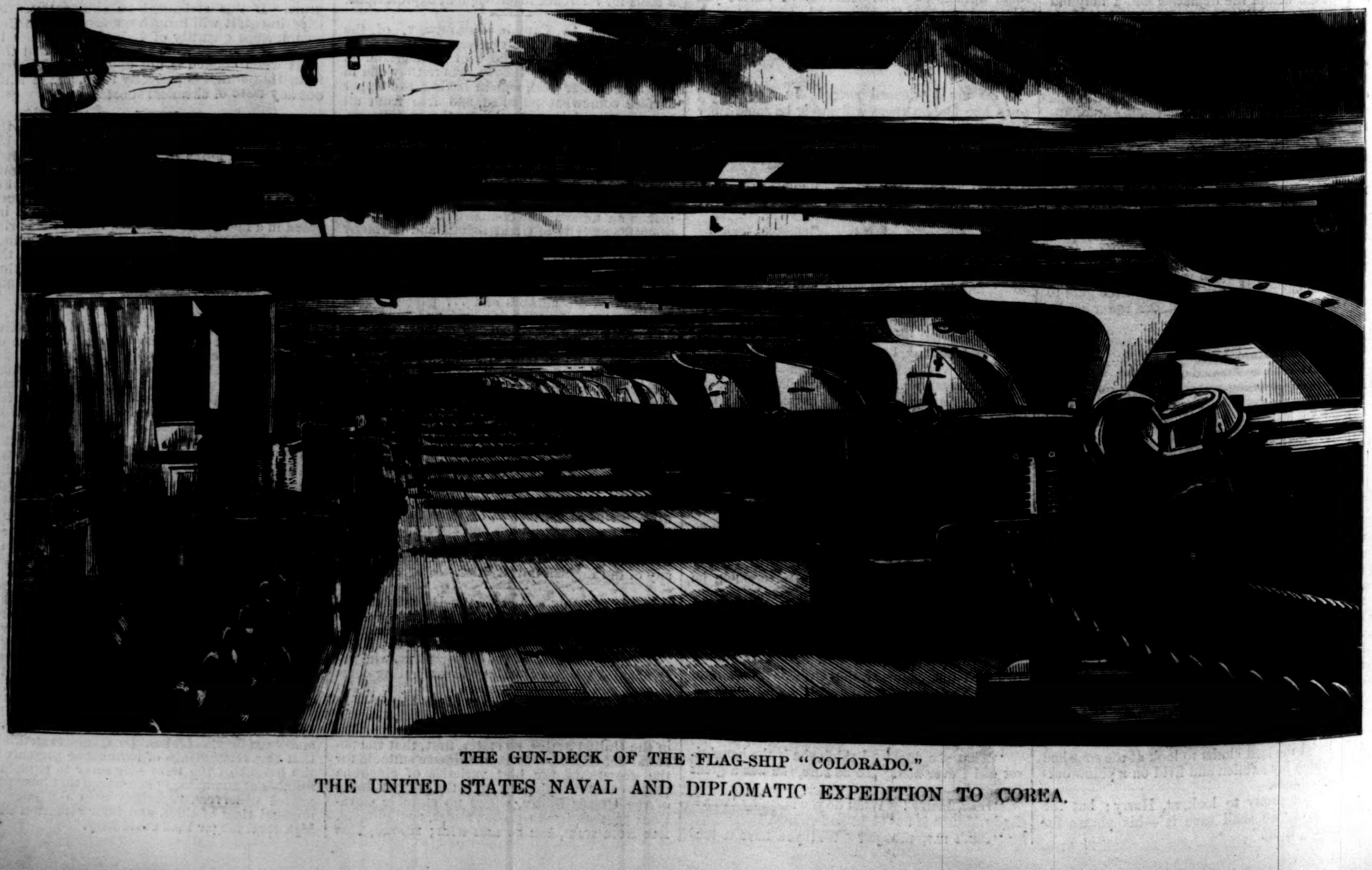
COREA.

Our illustrations on this page will give our readers an idea of the combined American and European naval forces to Corea, which resulted in the engagement mentioned in the last number of the *Weekly*. Corea is a kingdom east of Northern China, comprising a peninsula about six hundred miles long. It has many fine harbors on both shores. The policy of the government, like that of China, has always been rigorously exclusive. The Corean who goes abroad without permission forfeits life on his return; and the "outside barbarian" whom shipwreck or other accident throws upon their shores is either killed outright or enslaved. Our readers will remember the massacre of twenty-seven persons belonging to the *General Sherman* in 1866.

To bring the Coreans to a better understanding of their duties toward foreigners, a naval and diplomatic mission was sent to Corea the latter part of May last, under Rear-Admiral Rodgers and the Hon. F. F. Low, United States Commissioner to China. Several European vessels joined the expedition. With the fleet were five Coreans who had been rescued from a sinking junk. They were dressed up by the sailors in navy suits, and christened "Tarpot," "Main Tack," "Tom Bowline," "Fore Tack," and "Jib Sheet." Their portraits are given on this page. It was while returning these men to their native country that the Americans and Europeans were fired upon by the Coreans. Full details of the engagement have not yet been received, but the punishment inflicted upon the Coreans was, it is intimated, severe, and the fight was to be renewed the following day. It is to be hoped that this severe lesson will not be lost upon them.

The upper illustration on this page shows the squadron at anchor in the harbor of Nangasaki, Japan, whence it sailed for Corea. It comprised the *Colorado* (flag-ship), the *Benicia*, the *Alaska*, the *Monocacy* (double-ender), and the *Palos* (steam-tender). The lower illustration gives a view of the gun-deck of the *Colorado*.

THE COREAN SAILORS RESCUED FROM A SINKING JUNK.



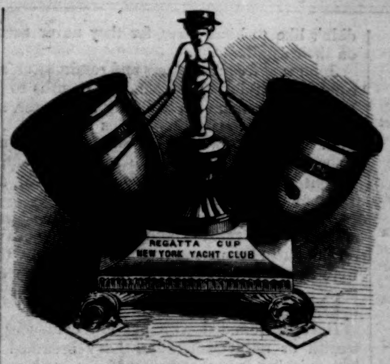
THE GUN-DECK OF THE FLAG-SHIP "COLORADO."

THE UNITED STATES NAVAL AND DIPLOMATIC EXPEDITION TO COREA.

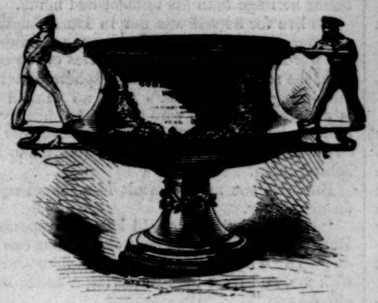
No. 1.—THE COMMODORE'S CHALLENGE CUP FOR SLOOPS.

No. 2.—WATER-PITCHER.

No. 3.—VASE.



No. 4.—CIGAR-STAND.



No. 5.—PUNCH-BOWL.

No. 6.—PUNCH-BOWL.

No. 7.—THE COMMODORE'S CHALLENGE CUP FOR SCHOONERS.

NEW YORK YACHT CLUB REGATTA PRIZES.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY ROCKWOOD.—[SEE PAGE 627.]

THE GLORIOUS FOURTH—THE FIRST GUN—TIME, 5 A.M.—[SEE PAGE 627.]

PARIS—BERLIN.

(SUMMER, 1871.)

I.

ON the one hand Berlin, on the other Paris—
Here, the brightest sunshine; there, the blackest shade!
While the heart of one nigh unto despair is,
To the other's eyes the world is just new-made.
Here, the smoke of burning!
There, the glad returning!
Here, pale, frenzied women, fierce, or sore afraid!
There, into her sweetheart's arms springs the German maid!

II.

Ah, mistaken Paris! Poor, proud broken Paris!
(Nay, but thou art nearer to the ruth of God!)
Creep a little toward Him, for thy surety there is,
Now that all thy broken reeds are scattered far abroad.
Scorn her not, gay Berlin!
Shafts not of thy hurling
Pierce her late glad beauty in its smallest part:
The hand of God is on her; vex not her sunken heart!

HOWARD GLYNDON.

DORA LACY.

"DORA, I have done the best for you I knew how. Had you inherited any of your father's genius or your mother's beauty, I might have died with more courage at my heart; but, as it is, I must leave you to struggle alone. It is a hard fight at best, and I pity you." Cold pity it was; for Dora's father had little or no sympathy with any thing outside of his art, and Dora was a perpetual disappointment.

She was not particularly sensitive, but her father's words stung her terribly; for he was dying, and those harsh words were a bitter legacy to leave a loving child.

She had done her very best. With any less practical person John Lacy might have starved on into recognition, as many another genius has done before him; but, with Dora's willing hands and ready assistance, he had been enabled to keep the wolf from the door while he worked away at his easel. Not of the highest order of genius was this man who had painted his last picture, and was waiting, with nerveless hands, the approach of the death angel.

Poor Dora! Life seemed blank and desolate enough without her father, and she felt as though she herself were approaching dissolution; and death was far less terrible to her than life. But it was over at last. The neighbors came in to the funeral and attested their sympathy, the little cemetery had another tenant, and Dora Lacy was alone in the world.

No genius, no beauty! Not gifted in any extraordinary way, or inclined to any peculiarity of thought or action, it seemed likely that she would drift on the wave of circumstances, and be lost in the commonplace crowd.

She had no lover; no link in the chain of incidents that would keep her from slipping into already crowded channels; no prospect from the light-house of Hope that would help her over these rough places.

"Well, as it is, it is," said Dora, rocking furiously in her chair, as though she were driving away the demons that arose to torment her. "I'm neither my father nor my mother, and how I came to be their child the Lord only knows! But I've got all my fingers and all my faculties, and, such as they are, I must make use of them."

Poverty of resource is infinitely worse than poverty of purse, and Dora was not one to sit down and repine over any abbreviation of her possessions; so she finished her rocking, and set about re-arranging the rooms.

John Lacy had found his way to Moriches by a singular dispensation of Providence. He had left England with his young wife to establish a home and reputation in the New World, intending to take up his residence in New York, or Chicago, then in its early infancy.

But the vessel missed its course, and becoming locked in the sands of Long Island, was obliged to discharge its freight then and there.

The perils of maternity came suddenly upon Margaret Lacy, and in a warm corner of a hospitable farm-house Dora opened her eyes upon a world that was cruel from her birth.

For she was motherless!

Nothing but John Lacy's ambition kept him from taking a return passage to Liverpool; nothing but his love of art could have kept him from despair at the rude shattering of his heart's idol. That it imbittered his whole life, and made him sour and misanthropical, only those would have realized who had known him in his English home, when the love of Margaret Lacy seemed to fill each day with unspeakable enjoyment. And then Dora's sex was such a disappointment!

John found his way to New York, established himself at once, and, with a transatlantic reputation, bade fair to win success as a painter of landscapes.

Dora was left in care of Mrs. Fletcher, whose home had been her first shelter, and whose heart adopted the motherless child immediately, and grew into a sturdy, homely maiden, whose only attraction was her remarkable good-nature.

"You can't put her out of temper," said Mrs Fletcher to Parson Medway, who was making his pastoral calls; "she really don't seem to have a particle of sperrit!"

"A peculiar child," said the parson. "I doubt if there are many like her in Moriches."

"Or any where else," said Mrs. Fletcher. "I sometimes wish she wouldn't be so much like a patient old cow, for I am so used to being answered back when I scold that it vexes me to have any one look at me as Dora does and not say a single word. Now that's the truth."

At which confession the parson laughed heartily, and said it reminded him of the boys who didn't like to hunt hares, for they never turned on their assailants.

John sent frequent letters and remittances, and came himself during the summer months to finish up the sketches made during the winter, and also to add to the contents of his port-folio.

In later years, when his health gave way and he was able to do but little with his brush, he bought himself a home in this quiet retreat, and Dora was installed as housekeeper.

As months and years went by, leaving him a still more confirmed invalid, and drawing heavily on the purse he was incompetent to supply, they were forced to let out the lower part of the cottage, and confine themselves to rooms on the upper floor.

Here, surrounded with but few evidences of wealth or refinement, John Lacy breathed his last, grieving only that he could not see his genius reflected in his offspring, nor leave her any better heritage than his untarnished name.

To live for herself was not in Dora's nature; so, after straightening the furniture, and adapting her wardrobe to meet the exigencies of the occasion, she set about looking for a sphere of action. According to her father's idea, no woman had any right to a sphere who had neither beauty nor brains; but she had no time to consider the disadvantages of her position, nor inclination to hide behind them.

But first she must consult Mrs. Fletcher, her foster-mother.

"Do!" said the good old lady in response to Dora's question. "You poor child, what can you do? You'd better bring your duds here and live with me, and trust luck to having a better home offered you."

"I don't want any better home," said Dora; "and if you mean marriage, I never want to think of that."

"No, of course not; it comes without thinking, if it comes at all. But I don't like the idee of your being off all alone when you've got my house to come to."

"Oh, but, auntie, your house is full, and running over, and you neither need my help nor my company, and I'm never lonely."

But Mrs. Fletcher had nothing better to propose. Moriches was not an enterprising village, and all available places for women were already occupied. Tailoresses, seamstresses, and housekeepers were out of proportion to the demand for them; and as for women doing any thing but what their *hands* could find to do, it was out of the question, unless it was teaching, and one district school neither offered advantages in one way or the other.

So when Dora turned her back on Mrs. Fletcher's home and hospitality she felt as though she had indeed severed the segment of the circle by which she was bound to Moriches, and there was no sphere for her there, at all events.

You may think that, being a woman, she went to her little room and had a good refreshing cry, and then sat immediately down to writing a novel, in which Dora Lacy would appear as the persecuted heroine.

No such thing. She went home with her mind made up to seek a place and position in the city, where her father had found it possible to obtain them. She had not made up her mind as to what she could do, but she felt confident that some field would offer itself to the combined forces of youth, hope, and energy.

She laid off her bonnet with a sigh, for sighs are natural to the human heart, and started as she saw on the table a small triangular bit of paper addressed to her.

There were no outstanding debts that she knew of; but if this should be one, would the creditors wait until she could earn some money? She seized it desperately, for the suspense was terrible to her, and she read aloud, for she seemed to require the aid of all her senses,

"If Dora Lacy wants employment, let her call on Sylvester Prime."

Vet Prime! All Moriches knew him; and his reputation as an enthusiast, visionary, antiquarian, and encyclopedia of useful and curious information had even gone beyond the precincts of the village that had been his home long before Dora Lacy was received into it.

It was still early in the afternoon, so she put on her bonnet again, and started for the lane, at the end of which Hope stood with her beacon of encouragement. I don't know that she thought of what might be wanted of her, indifferent as she was to the kind of work in which she engaged, so that it was honorable. Certain it is that she hummed a cheerful song as she went, and plucked golden-rod, buttercups, and other wild flowers that called to her out of the stillness and the shadows. For to her every blossom had a voice of its own.

There was a small gate at the end of the lane, and as she reached this she paused, more to collect her thoughts and prepare for the meeting than to question the propriety of going any further.

Dora Lacy's courage never would have led her thus far to play her false. She might not have come of her own accord, but she had been sent for; and though the old house looked worn and dilapidated, and village gossip had said all manner of queer things concerning the occupant, that was no concern of hers, and should not prove a barrier between her and prosperity. She might be nearer heaven than she knew, and certainly no one ever reached Canaan without taking a step in that direction.

The upper half of the front-door was open, and she knocked gently. There was no response, so Dora passed through into the narrow hall, and knocked first at the door on the right, and then at the door on the left. Only the echo of her own demand broke the stillness of the place, so she pushed open the nearest door and let the daylight in—on what?

She gave an involuntary scream as her eyes became accustomed to the darkness, and she saw into what a den of devils she had entered. The odor almost made her faint, and she stood holding back the door with one hand and shading her eyes with the other, looking as though she had seen emblazoned on the walls those terrible words, "Who enters here leaves hope behind!"

As she stood in this attitude a door opened at the further end of the room, and a bent, distorted form approached Dora Lacy, who became petrified with horror.

"Is this Dora Lacy?" he asked, hobbling slowly through the chamber of horrors, himself as strange and weird as any thing there.

"It is," said Dora, coming out of the swoon of surprise at the metallic ring of his voice.

"I meant to receive you better than this, but my housekeeper is away. Come into my study."

Dora mechanically followed his lead, pity overcoming all fear or repugnance; and though she started as some reptile glared upon her out of the darkness, curiosity did much toward sustaining her fortitude. The room they entered was small but cozy; books and papers were scattered about the floor and on the table, while the walls were ornamented with bugs of every known and unknown variety, at sight of which Dora could not conceal a look of disgust.

"Those are my pictures," said Mr. Prime, noticing the expression of Dora's face, "painted by the hand of the Great Artist. Are they not beautiful?"

"Beautiful to look at, perhaps," said Dora, "but horrible to handle."

"Oh no," he said, with a voice that seemed to embrace all God's creatures. "If you could only see them under the microscope!"

He took down one of the impaled insects as tenderly as if it had been a child, and, putting it under the glass, signed to Dora to come nearer.

Dorah looked, and was fascinated. She had stepped out of the narrow circle in which she had walked, and entered a world of whose existence she had scarcely known.

The shadows gathered closer and closer around the old house, but Dora never noticed them, never thought of the walk she must take in order to reach her home; the enchanter had woven his spell about her, and she was powerless to escape.

Bit after bit of wonderful workmanship was brought within the range of her intensified vision; and when a voice broke the silence it was as though she had been suddenly thrown down a mighty precipice from whose height she had entered the land of visions.

"It is growing dark, and you have some distance to go—alone," he added, after a pause full of sadness. "I would like your services as amanuensis. Mr. Medway spoke of you as being well fitted for the work. You see what it is, 'beautiful to look at, but horrible to handle,'" he said, quoting her own words. "Will you undertake to help me?"

"I will, indeed," said Dora, still keeping her eye on the microscope.

"Then I may expect you—when?"

"To-morrow morning;" and as their eyes met they smiled at each other's enthusiasm.

Dora went back through the lane, but she had no eyes or ears for the many blossoms that touched her with a good-night whisper as she passed them by.

She had entered a new world; she had crossed the threshold of a new existence; and who could tell into what labyrinths of beauty her feet might henceforth lead her?

"Well, if I ever!" exclaimed Mrs. Fletcher, to whom Dora immediately imparted her business engagement.

"Who would have thought of your going to such a bugbear as Sylvester Prime?"

"That comes of being neither a beauty nor a genius," said Dora, laughing heartily at Mrs. Fletcher's unconscious pun.

"And you are going there every day?" she inquired.

"Every day," said Dora.

"Well, I don't see as there's any great luck in it; but I do say you look almost as delighted as if there were."

"And so there is," said Dora, "lots of luck; and if I don't line my pockets with pence, I shall most assuredly fill my head with wisdom."

"I suppose I may tell the parson about it?" said good Mrs. Fletcher, who didn't propose taking a step in this world or the next without the parson's advice.

"Yes, if he hasn't told you himself."

"Does he know any thing about it?" asked the astonished woman.

"Far more than I do," said Dora, kissing her, and passing out into the darkness that had settled out-of-doors; leaving Mrs. Fletcher somewhat bewildered, though less concerned about the respectability of the undertaking since she was assured that Parson Medway had the management of the whole affair.

With an eagerness and interest that belonged to her practical nature Dora Lacy entered upon her new duties, and every day found herself entering some new field of knowledge.

Sitting in his easy-chair, Sylvester Prime would dictate the material for her pen, which was furnished so freely by the microscope; and occasionally, as some new wonder would cause an exclamation of surprise from the scholar, Dora's pen would drop from her hand, that with her own eyes she might behold what she was depicting on paper.

She was as much in love with the work as was Mr. Prime himself, and already in imagination saw the neatly bound volumes that would give to the public such amazing evidence of God's skill and man's interpretation of it.

But in proportion as Dora's courage and determination increased by the glowing interest she felt in the work, Sylvester Prime was conscious, on his part, of a restlessness, and indifference to insect life.

His walks and talks had been for years with these soulless creatures, and both had been somewhat controlled by the condition of things. Bugs and creeping things had been sent to him from every quarter of the globe, until his collection had become quite an extensive museum, and the study of their habits and peculiarities the end and aim of his circumscribed life.

Mrs. Mathewson, the housekeeper, had expressed very little sympathy for his pursuits, there being a direct antagonism between bugs and brooms, and the latter was her specialty. They never met except at meals, when Mrs. Mathewson would retail the gossip of the village—tell who had been to see her and where she had visited last, who proposed matrimony and who contemplated going on a sea voyage.

If Dora was conscious of any change in the scholar whose wisdom she was inclined to reverence, it did not affect her pen, or fill her with that suspicious shyness in which our modern maidens are apt to indulge in the presence of gentlemen. She had learned to pity and endure, but she was hardly ready yet to embrace.

And he, knowing how he must appear to her—old and disfigured as he was—suffered more acutely, because hopelessly.

Sometimes, when his hand rested on hers, he thought he must break down the barrier and declare himself, even though she should reject him with scorn. The suppressed passion was consuming him.

One look, however, at her unconscious face would decide him, and he would resume his dictation with a sigh. There were pauses in the work, also, when he read from the poets or prose writers, with such a wonderfully magnetic voice that Dora was for the nonce among the scenes portrayed, and breathed an atmosphere of wondrous purity and enchantment.

"I will speak to-morrow," whispered Sylvester's heart, as he stood in the door-way, watching for Dora's good-night wave of the hand as she closed the gate and entered the leafy-curtained lane—"I will speak to-morrow;" but to-morrow seemed to put the goal still further away; and Dora's utter unconsciousness and imperturbability gave him no excuse for breaking the seal of silence.

Dora's walk home one afternoon was through fields and lanes that the poet's fancy had tricked out with indescribable beauty. One picture after another floated before her waking vision, and even gave some coloring to her dreams.

Toward morning she was suddenly aroused to the consciousness of unwonted excitement in the house and an unusual illumination out-of-doors; and before she was fairly awake Mrs. Fletcher's voice outside the door, exclaiming, "Dora! Dora! Mr. Prime's house is on fire!" aroused her to immediate action. Hastily dressing herself, and with but one thought prominent in her mind—the inevitable ruin of the manuscripts—she hurried with Mrs. Fletcher to the scene of the conflagration.

The house was old, and did not burn easily; so that by the time they reached the place the flames were subdued, and the neighbors returned to their early-morning avocations.

While Mrs. Fletcher and Mrs. Mathewson went over the details of the occurrence, as they assisted each other in restoring order out of the chaos, Dora found her way to the study, and stood horror-struck at the desolation. Here had the flames done their most fiery work; the holocaust was complete. Not a vestige of the manuscripts could she find; and those wonderful creations that had been to her as a revelation were scattered to the four winds of heaven.

Tears filled her eyes at the sight, and, half blinded, she found her way to the summer-house, there to pour out her feelings of sympathy and regret.

"What will he do? what will he do?" she would exclaim at intervals, as she glanced toward the house whose roof was yet smoking. "It was cruel—too cruel!"

She had not thought to inquire about Mr. Prime, taking it for granted that he escaped untouched. In her absorbed state of mind the man was less than his master-piece; and when she felt the old familiar pressure of her hand, as it lay upon the rustic table, she screamed aloud, as if some ghost had seized upon her.

"I am so sorry!" she said, as soon as she could find voice to speak. "What will we do?"

"Nothing." And there was an ocean of despair in the tone.

"Nothing, Mr. Prime? Can you see the labor of years annihilated in a few moments, and not feel that something must be done? Perhaps I can recall most of the text—I know I can considerable—and the loss may not be so great after all," said Dora, more hopefully, and making room for him to sit beside her.

"I shall not trouble you, Dora; certainly not very soon," he replied. "The work could never give me the same interest it once did—"

"But your friends from abroad will still continue to send you specimens," she interrupted.

"Yes," he said, abstractedly, fixing his large, lustrous eyes on Dora's face, all animation and eager interest.

"Then my term of service ends with to-day?" she said, with a sigh and a sudden change of expression, as she thought of what would be shut out of her life by such a procedure.

"Yes," said Mr. Prime; "there will be nothing for you to do. But may I not be your friend all the same?"

"Certainly," said Dora, looking up frankly and honestly in the face of her benefactor, and starting to find it shadowed with tears.

"Mr. Prime, were you injured by the fire? What is the matter?" her heart keenly alive to his suffering, though unconscious of the cause.

"These are womanly tears, Dora, that pride

has done her best to keep back. It pains me to see the labor of years destroyed much less than it grieves me to know that I am shut out from future happiness."

"Of what sort?" asked Dora, full of sympathetic interest.

"Of the sort that comes with reciprocated affection; of the sort that will never, never come to me!" and he leaned his head upon the table in an agony of tears that was absolutely terrifying to Dora.

There was silence for a few moments, unbroken by aught save the heavy sobs of the weeping man and the rapid heart-beats of the questioning woman.

Suddenly there flashed across Dora's comprehension one of those gleams of revelation that afford an easy solution to the most difficult problem; and all that had seemed to her mysterious and strange became as clear as a landscape at noonday.

She thought of all that she owed to this man, and of her intense admiration of his genius, and it was not gratitude alone that occupied her heart.

"Dear friend," she said, laying her hand upon the bowed head before her—"dear friend, if this fire that has interrupted our work should be the means of strengthening our friendship, would that comfort you?"

Her heart had found its voice at last!

"Dora!"—and he showered passionate kisses on the hand whose touch had been to him like a benediction—"it would be Heaven's own recompense!"

And in the light of that October morning, and in the midst of the desolation and destruction of those household gods, was erected a new altar, where Love alone presided; and the two, whose souls had met in blissful recognition, had no speech so eloquent as their silence.

YACHTING PRIZES.

The annual regatta of the New York Yacht Club took place on the 22d of June. The day was perfect, and the scene on the bay, when the yachts and other craft were clustered there together, one of extreme beauty and interest. It would be a hopeless task to describe the race itself. The most interesting part of it was the run up the bay, when the yachts spread all the canvas they could carry. The *Sappho's* white hull was almost lost under the white pyramid that rose above her deck, and the *Wanderer* attracted universal attention by the enormous quantity of sail she displayed. No more beautiful sight can be seen in any waters than was afforded by the long line of gleaming sails.

It was stated, and very generally believed, at the close of the race, that the leading yachts had passed around the wrong buoy at the Southwest Spit, and that, in consequence, the apparent winners would not be entitled to the prizes. This, however, was settled by the regatta committee's decision, which, based on the opinion of competent United States authorities, declared that No. 8½ was *the* buoy on the Southwest Spit, and that the correct course had been sailed over by the claimants. We presume that this will give general satisfaction.

The view of the race at the light-house was very beautiful, so many of the yachts passing round in close proximity—so close, indeed, that it was in some instances difficult to decide which of two was leading. At the time that the sloops *Peerless* and *Gracie*, with the schooner *Palmer*, the latter leading, were passing the light-ship the scene was one long to be remembered; the one drawback—and there must always be a crumpled rose-leaf somewhere—was found in the shrill whistles of the steamers, which could, we imagine, easily be dispensed with.

It is difficult, and might seem invidious, to mention particular yachts where all were so beautiful; but as the *Wanderer* and the *Columbia* are new vessels, and may be termed, to use the language of the turf, "dark horses," it may be said that they excited universal admiration. The *Columbia*, which was only one and a half minutes behind the victor, looked like a large swan as she lightly skimmed over the water. Her owner, Mr. Frank Osgood, may well be proud of his new boat, and has no reason to regret the *Magic*, in which he was victorious last year.

The prizes contested for are given on page 625, drawn from photographs by Rockwood.

Numbers 2, 3, and 4, the regatta prizes, were sailed for according to the rules of the club, and were won by *Tidal Wave* (W. Voorhis), *Addie* (W. H. Langley), and *Breeze* (A. C. Kingsland, Jun.), respectively, the first of the schooners, and the others of the first and second class sloops. The two Challenge Cups, Numbers 1 and 7, presented by James Gordon Bennett, Jun., Commodore of the club, were won by *Tidal Wave* and *Addie*; the two Subscription Cups, Numbers 5 and 6, being won by the same schooner and sloop, these having beaten all the other yachts, both with and without allowance of time.

THE GLORIOUS FOURTH.

There is no use in protesting against the good old orthodox fashion of celebrating the Fourth of July with bonfires, cannon, guns, pistols, rockets, fire-crackers, snakes, Roman candles, fire-balloons, and every other possible contrivance for making a blaze and a noise. It has the sanction of antiquity, the approbation of the Revolutionary fathers, and the unqualified approval of Young America. Even if the elders of the nation were so wise as to desire a change, it is extremely doubtful if the rising generation could be brought to submit to any abridgment of the glorious privilege of making a whole day hideous with barbaric racket. We all know what attempts have been made to turn their hilarious patriotism into more sober and less disagreeable channels. But neither boys nor girls, young men nor maidens, take to them. Nothing will satisfy their hearts but cannon, guns and pistols, fire-crackers and torpedoes, all day, and the more brilliant fire-works at night. The country may as well submit, and make the best of it. Every year brings out a new string of protests. The police authorities issue new and more stringent regulations. But can any one say that the day grows any the less boisterous?

The night before the Fourth is generally one of intense excitement with the boys, and of anxiety to the mothers. The youngsters have their magazines of crackers and torpedoes in readiness to commence operations with the earliest streak of daylight. Those whose parents permit them to handle more dangerous toys have their pistols and miniature cannon in order. Country boys manufacture cannon from old gun-barrels, pieces of heavy lead pipe, and even wood. Their ingenuity in contriving ways to make a rocket is one of the most conclusive evidences of the total depravity of boys. Their recklessness is something frightful. Nothing will teach them caution. Every year produces its long chapter of melancholy accidents, all the more sad because the greater number of sufferers are children, many of whom must go maimed or disfigured for the rest of their life. A little fellow whom the writer knew—a bright, active lad of ten—two years ago lost two fingers of his left hand by the premature explosion of a toy cannon. Last year he was again among the merriest of the merry, despite his maimed hand. "He wasn't going to lose his fun just for a couple of fingers!" This year, too, no doubt, he will be up among the earliest to salute the rising sun with the boom of miniature artillery; and if he manages to get through the day without losing the rest of his fingers, or his head, will finish up with the grand display in one of the parks or at the City Hall. He is a plucky little man, and has our best wishes for a safe delivery out of all the perils that environ him.

THE METHODIST BOOK CONCERN.

Dr. Lanahan, the Assistant Agent of the Methodist Book Concern, believing that he had discovered fraud and mismanagement in the affairs of that establishment, made his discoveries public, and called for some action on the part of the authorities of the Church. A partial investigation was undertaken by a committee, which presented a report that satisfied nobody. Further inquiries were then proposed, and Dr. Lanahan undertook the collection of evidence to substantiate his charges. In the course of these proceedings the personal relations between the Assistant Agent and his immediate superior had naturally become unpleasant. Dr. Lanahan was opposed at every step of his researches. He was denied access to the books, and driven to apply to the courts for a mandamus to compel the exhibition of accounts which it is natural to suppose the Concern ought to have been anxious to show in its own vindication. Hereupon the Book Committee, without ascertaining what foundation there was for Dr. Lanahan's charges, put him on trial for making them. He has been found guilty, and recommended to the bishops for removal from office.

The result of their action is obvious. No employé of the Book Concern who discovers any thing wrong hereafter will tell of it if he values his place. The cardinal rule of business in that establishment is to keep things quiet, and the worst offense that an agent or assistant agent can commit is to let any scandal get out. It seems to be the determination of the majority of the Committee that there shall be no genuine examination of the real question at issue, lest the result prove "detrimental to the Concern." There is a large body of laymen interested in the welfare of this great Methodist institution, and to them it appears that the Concern is suffering detriment not half so much from the charges of Dr. Lanahan as from the attempt of the Committee to smother the charges instead of looking into them.—*New York Tribune.*

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

The Fourth of July made its advent some weeks ago in the form of torpedoes and India crackers in the hands of enterprising "Young America." The snapping and sputtering, once commenced, will only end after the grand climax, which will soon burst upon us with all its joys and horrors—joys to the boys, who do love a great noise, and who possess a warm attachment to any thing which will "go off" with a flash and a fizzle; and horrors for the quiet and nervous people, whose ears prospectively ache at the mere mention of the "Glorious Fourth." It is expected that every body should be noisily patriotic in this country. Yet, considering the boasted freedom of our land, it is a pity that it contains no spot where a quiet-minded individual might breathe out his patriotism in undisturbed solitude or sociality. But there is no such spot—at least we never heard of a place where fire-crackers and torpedoes penetrated not on that day of days. So we may as well plug our oversensitive ears and be resigned; and if we can rouse ourselves to be magnanimously enthusiastic, the young folks will appreciate our veneration for this national holiday.

Polar expeditions are becoming fashionable. There are three on foot. Besides Captain Hall's and the one from Sweden, Octave Pavy, a member of the French and American Geographical societies, believing that Captain Hall's proposed polar expedition is impracticable, purposes to make an attempt himself to reach the north pole by way of Behring Strait. He will leave San Francisco on the 15th of July for Petropanlovski, in Avatcha Bay, Kamtchatka. A party of eight accompany Pavy.

The Commissioners of Public Charities and Correction report that their experience leads them to the opinion that the punishment for habitual drunkenness is wholly inadequate. A large portion of the inmates of the work-house are common drunkards. They are sent up by the magistrates clothed in rags, covered with vermin, and broken down in health by their debauchery. They must be clothed at the expense of the city; and by the time they are discharged from the hands of the physician, and capable of labor, their term of imprisonment is ended, and they are released, to be in a few days sent back, their clothing destroyed, again to be reclothed and assigned to the hospital. It would be difficult to devise a more expensive or ineffectual means of reformation than is by law established.

During the past year the Mercantile Library of New York has delivered at the residences of members 11,880 books, which indicates the popularity of this method of delivery. The circulation for the year was 269,034 volumes. The total number of volumes now in the library is 127,237. There are also 248 newspapers and 204 magazines kept on file in the reading-room.

The sublime and picturesque in nature appeal very differently to different minds. There is a story told of a journeyman tailor who traveled a long way to visit Niagara Falls. He went up into the Terrapin, and after gazing in silence at the immense body of water falling below him, exclaimed, with an impressive gesture, "What a place to sponge a coat!" A farmer, standing back of the Horseshoe Falls, upon the Canada side, was impressed with the feeling that the rushing water there afforded a "grand place to wash sheep!" While a skilled machinist could only lament, "What a waste of water-power!" And we have all heard of the Englishman who, finding no English phrase to express his views of Niagara as a whole, borrowed an American slang phrase, and asserted that "it was a big thing!"

It is curious to notice the inclination of people to adopt the peculiar habits and method of living which, in any particular instance, have seemed to produce longevity. If a man has lived to be one hundred years old, and his usual beverage has been ale, scores of people think that *therefore* ale must be wholesome; if another reaches the same age, having been in the constant habit of rising early and practicing gymnastics a couple of hours before breakfast, they argue that gymnastics before breakfast are useful to all. Few persons are discriminating enough to fully understand that constitutions and temperaments are so different that while water is the best drink for one, tea, or coffee, or some other beverage may be useful to others; a vegetable diet may be just the thing for one man, while his neighbor may require meat; wine may assist an invalid to digest the food he needs, and yet be a positive injury to the man of good digestion and full health. All are not cast in the same mould, and not only the natural constitution, but many other points must be taken into consideration in deciding what diet and habits of life shall be adopted. Consequently when we hear that there is a man living in the mountains of North Carolina who has reached the extraordinary age of one hundred and forty-three years, that he has always lived upon coarse vegetables, and drank only spring water, that at twenty he had a wife and three children, and that, having lost his seventh wife about sixty years ago, he now begins to feel lonely, and wishes to marry again, we need not argue that we must follow his example in every particular if we desire to reach a like venerable age.

A great many wondrous things happen during the small hours of night in a large city like New York. For example: not long ago a gentleman was returning to his home about half past two o'clock in the morning, when, on passing along the west side of Union Square, he noticed that the statue of Lincoln was not standing upon its pedestal, but appeared on it in an easy sitting posture, with the right leg crossed over the left. The gentleman is willing to make his affidavit as to the correctness of this statement, but we presume his simple word of honor will be relied on just as much as his affidavit. We forgot to mention that the gentleman was returning from his *club-house*.

The veteran journalist, Mr. Thomas Gill, who recently died, possessed a keen sense of humor. He was an Englishman by birth, and one of the first professional reporters who went to America. On one occasion the Hon. Robert Rantoul, Jun., was delivering to an immense audience an oration at a celebration on Bunker Hill, in the course of which he described with great pathos and effect the famous battle which had occurred on the very spot where they were assembled. As he resumed his seat, Gill, who was seated near him, carelessly remarked, "My father was in that battle." Rantoul immediately sprang to his feet and announced the fact, whereupon there were vehement calls from the crowd for the son of the Revolutionary hero. Mr. Gill modestly rose, and, after acknowledging the vociferous cheers which greeted him, quietly informed his hearers that it was true that his father was in the battle of Bunker Hill, but—he was fighting on the other side! The scene that followed "beggared description."

Medical science has at last triumphed over leprosy, according to accounts which come from India. The civil surgeon of Khundwa reports the case of a wretched old Jew who came to him from Bombay, having been abandoned by his friends because he had this terrible disease. He was treated with soap and water, and then with carbolic acid and oil, and was completely cured.

A Chicago paper records the following fact, which may be cited as a wonderful fulfillment of dreams. A man dreamed a dreadful dream—that his child was scalded to death. He took every precaution against such a catastrophe, but precisely in five weeks and two days after the dream the little boy was run over by a wagon, and escaped uninjured.

Western farming is on a magnificent scale, if a farm in Livingston County, Illinois, is a fair specimen. It is eight miles square, containing 40,960 acres—sixty-four sections, government survey. It is subdivided into thirty-two farms of 1280 acres each, these all being managed by special officers, who are under the general control of the owner. There are 15,000 acres under the plows, over 10,000 of which are in corn this season, which looks finely. This required 1600 bushels of corn for seed this year. The remainder of the farm is used for grazing, small grain, and grass. There are *two hundred and fifty miles* of hedge fence, besides other fences; *one hundred and fifty miles* of ditch for draining wet land. Two hundred men and four hundred work-horses and mules are used on this farm. There are employed, also, one surveyor, two book-keepers, four blacksmiths, and eight carpenters. An accurate account is kept with each farm. The whole of this land was entered from government about twenty years since by its present owner at $1 25 per acre. The farm at this time, with the improvements made upon it, and personal property connected with it, is worth about $2,000,000.

Most of the foreign residents of Yokohama are supplied with milk from the dairy of an American firm. The cows are all American or English stock, the most having been imported from San Francisco. The dairy occupies a space of about 75 by 175 feet, with a yard in the centre and tiled buildings on two sides, which contain about thirty-five cows.

It is very hard on Chicago—the report that it is proposed to abolish the light-house at the mouth of the Chicago River as an unnecessary expense, "the sense of smell of the pilots being all that is requisite to enable them to make the harbor."

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A Joint Affair with but a Single Party to it—Rheumatism.

A certain beadle had fancied the manse house-maid; but, at a loss for an opportunity to declare himself, one day—a Sunday—when his duties were ended, he looked sheepish, and said: "Mary, wad ye tak a turn, Mary?" He led her to the church-yard, and, pointing with his finger, got out: "My fowk lie there, Mary; wad ye like to lie there?" The grave hint was taken, and she became his wife; but does not yet lie there.

When the beer *runs out*, does it *hop*?

A young man says that there may have been such a thing as real true love in old times, but that now the notion is entirely obsolete; and if you ask a young lady nowadays to share your lot, she immediately wants to know how large that "lot" is.

The Work of Time—Wrinkle-making.

A Scottish minister, being one day engaged in visiting some members of his flock, came to the door of a house where his gentle tapping could not be heard for the noise of contention within. After waiting a little he opened the door and walked in, saying, with an authoritative voice, "I should like to know who is the head of this house?" "Weel, Sir," said the husband and father, "if ye sit doon a wee, we'll maybe be able to tell ye, for we're just trying to settle that point."

A client remarked to his solicitor, "You are writing my bill on very rough paper, Sir." "Never mind," was the reply of the latter, "it has to be filed before it comes into court."

A lady had a favorite lap-dog, which she called Perchance. "A singular name," said somebody, "for a beautiful pet, madam. Where did you find it?" "Oh," drawled she, "it was named from Byron's dog. You remember where he says, 'Perchance my dog will howl.'"

One asked his friend why he married so little a wife. "Why," said he, "I thought you knew that of all evils we should choose the least."

The Turkish embassador was at a public dinner with some of the magnates of the land. The president gave as a toast, in compliment to his Excellency, "The Sublime Porte and the Turkish Embassador." The waiter echoed it down the table, "A supply of port for the Turkish embassador."

"Impressions of Greece"—Candle-droppings on the carpet.

"How do you feel with such a shocking-looking coat on?" said a young clerk of more pretentions than brains one morning. "I feel," said old Roger, looking at him steadily with one eye half closed, as if taking aim at his victim—"I feel, young man, as if I had a coat on which has been pa'd for, a luxury of feeling which I think you will never experience."

In Arms.—A baby who kisses his mother and fights his father may be said to be partial to his ma, and martial to his pa.

Why are young ladies fond of pastry-cooks' shops?—Because it is the place to find sweethearts (sweet tarts).

Design for a Boss, to be used in the New Tweed Hospital, and in all other Public Buildings in the City and County and State of New York.

LA PÉTROLEUSE.

A CORRESPONDENT of the London *Times* recently observed, while speaking of the courage and ferocity shown by the women of Paris during the late insurrection, that the French nation would be indeed a terrible nation if it consisted entirely of Frenchwomen. The fair sex certainly occupies a more prominent position in France than in any other European country. In peaceful times the lion's share of the work is performed by the women. While Jules and Alphonse are lounging in *cafés* and *cabarets*, sipping pernicious absinthe or smoking *caporal* tobacco, Marie and Celestine are hoeing and weeding and digging in the fields, or busily attending to the wants of their customers, if they are in the shop-keeping line. Shop-keeping, indeed, is almost a feminine monopoly in France, and you may walk along a street and glance into shop after shop without seeing an assistant of the bearded sex. Some of the large establishments which have risen up of late years in the great cities are, it is true, provided with a numerous array of counter-jumpers; but such places of business are avowedly modeled after the London fashion. In time of war the Frenchwoman still more strongly asserts her prominence. Every regiment is accompanied by its *vivandières* and its *cantinières*, personages of a very different type to the Moll Flaggons who attend a British army in the field. During the Prussian siege of Paris the women, it can scarcely be denied, showed a more determined and undaunted spirit than the men, and it is not impossible that if TROCHU had modified his plan of operations to the extent of allowing the Amazons of the Seine to march against the enemy, some of the old fervor of 1792 would have been revived, and the besiegers would have been discomfited. During the siege, however, the women of Paris got no chance of showing their true mettle, and this is probably the reason why, when the revolution of the 18th March took place, they sided with rouge rather than tricolor. Here we can not help asking how it is that the Salic law should prevail in such a country as France, where the women are the working bees, and the men are, comparatively speaking, the drones of the hive? Why was not a woman placed at the head of the Communal insurrection, instead of incapables who spent their precious lease of power in denouncing and arresting each other? A woman of capacity would have obtained honorable terms from the hesitating government of Versailles, and Paris would have been spared the horrors to which she has been subjected.

We have no desire to extenuate the crimes of which many of the insurgent women in Paris had recently been guilty. La Pétroleuse (petroleum-thrower)! what a terrible significance has this newly invented name! Is it possible that those who belong to what is emphatically styled the gentler sex can perpetrate such atrocities? It is possible; and as no one becomes utterly wicked all at once, it may be worth while to trace the probable history of some such hopeless wretch as she who appears in our picture about to receive her doom at the hands of an infuriated soldiery. We do not believe the Versaillese libelers who assert that all such criminals were the scum of Paris. Twelve months ago, probably enough, the Pétroleuse was an industrious, well-behaved woman, with a husband and children. Then came the siege—her husband lost his work, served in the ranks of the National Guard, and was gradually converted into a lounging, dissipated idler. Meantime his wife waited day after day, in the frost and snow, for her scanty share of rations, and had the inexpressible grief to see her children die for want of the nourishment on which childhood thrives. The capitulation must have come as a bitter pang to one who had suffered so much. Can we not imagine that such a poor creature, demoralized by want of work, and with her brain weakened by slow starvation, would hail the establishment of the Commune as a sort of millennium which would cure all her troubles, and would therefore burst into a fury of uncontrollable mania upon its violent suppression? Though the hand of this woman lighted the flame which burned some of the finest buildings of Paris, she is possibly not the most guilty author of the conflagration. Whose were the miserable jealousies and ambitions which within twelve months have converted her from a respectable woman into a Pétroleuse? Other people, who are among the loudest in condemning her, may have to answer this question some day before a tribunal at which all secrets will be made known.

THE END OF THE COMMUNE—EXECUTION OF A PÉTROLEUSE.

SUMMARY EXECUTIONS IN PARIS—SHOOTING DOWN COMMUNIST PRISONERS.

BLOODSHED IN PARIS.

The capture of Paris by the troops of the Versailles government was marked by the most bloody scenes of vengeance ever witnessed in modern warfare. The troops of the Commune were shot down without mercy, and without even the form of trial, after all resistance had ceased, and it is estimated that nearly twenty thousand of them perished before the slaughter was suspended. Women, and even children, shared the fate of the men, and indeed generally brought it down upon themselves by the ferocity with which they took part in the fighting and in the terrible work of burning the city. The upper sketch on this page shows how the Communists were shot down by the infuriated troops. The lower sketch was taken at the corner of a street where Communist prisoners, captured while fighting, were ranged in rows and "fusilladed" as they stood. The centre figure in the front row was a noted Communist leader of the lowest and most degraded stamp. On his person, after his execution, was found the sum of 150,000 francs, in bank-notes, sewed under the lining of his trowsers. Large sums of money were found upon other Communists, who had been prevented by the Prussians from escaping.

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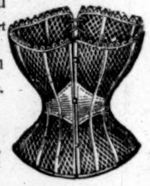

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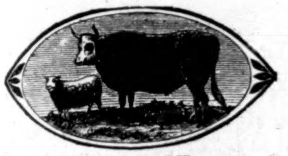

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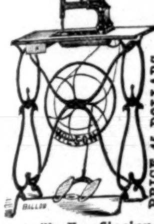

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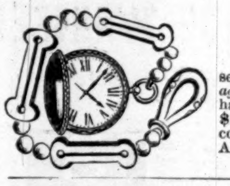

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The Treasury Department having already received subscriptions to the amount of $67,000,000 to the first two hundred millions of the New Loans authorized by the Act of Congress of July 14, 1870, for refunding the Public Debt, bearing five per cent. per annum interest, now offers to popular subscription the remaining $133,000,000 of this particular Loan, and is prepared to promptly deliver the Coupon Bonds or Registered Certificates in exchange, dollar for dollar, for any of the United States six per cent. Bonds or Registered Stocks known as *Five-Twenties*, or for Gold Coin at the par value of the New Loan and accrued Interest from the first of May. When this amount, to which preference is given, is taken up, the remainder of the Five per Cents, $300,000,000, embraced in the Act will be offered in connection with $300,000,000 Four and One-Half per Cents, and any part of $700,000,000 of Four per Cents, the one running fifteen years and the other thirty years.

The following is a copy of the New Five per Cent. Bond, under and pursuant to the Act of Congress:

FORM OF FIVE PER CENT. BOND.

INTEREST | FUNDED LOAN OF 1881. | 5 PER CENT.

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

ARE INDEBTED TO THE BEARER IN THE SUM OF .... DOLLARS.

THIS BOND is issued in accordance with the provisions of an Act of Congress entitled "An Act to authorize the Refunding of the National Debt," approved July 14, 1870, amended by an Act approved Jan. 20, 1871, and is redeemable at the pleasure of the United States, after the 1st day of May, A.D. 1881, in Coin of the standard value of the United States on said July 14, 1870, with Interest in such Coin, from the day of the date hereof, at the rate of FIVE PER CENTUM per annum, payable quarterly, on the 1st day of February, May, August, and November, in each year. The principal and interest are exempt from the payment of all Taxes or Duties of the United States, as well as from taxation in any form, by or under State, municipal, or local authority.

WASHINGTON, ..., 18..

Entered .... Recorded ....

Register of the Treasury.

Registered Bonds will be issued of the denominations of $50, $100, $500, $1,000, $5,000, $10,000, and coupon bonds of each denomination except the last two. The interest will be payable in the United States, at the office of the Treasurer, any Assistant Treasurer, or designated depository of the Government, quarterly, on the first days of February, May, August, and November, in each year.

The interest on the Registered Stock of this Loan, it is determined by the Treasury Department, will be paid by Gold Check for the Quarterly Interest, to the Post-Office address of every holder, free of trouble or expense, dispensing with attendance, in person or by proxy, at the Treasury, for the purpose of receipting for and drawing such interest.

The whole proceeds of the New Loan will be applied to the payment or redemption and cancellation of the 5-20 years six per cent. bonds; and in addition to these proceeds, the 5-20's are being reduced by purchases, averaging, for two years past, about $10,000,000 per month.

The entire effect, therefore, of the New Loan, in connection with the existing Sinking Fund process of the Treasury, is to reduce both Principal and Interest of the Public Debt of the United States. *The Loan creates no additional supply of Government Stocks,* while the application of the surplus revenue is constantly lessening the Funded Stocks bearing six per cent. Gold Interest.

The policy of the Government since the close of the War in 1865, which left a debt upon the country of $2,755,000,000, and an annual taxation of $311,000,000, has been to reduce steadily both Debt and Taxes: to reduce the Principal of the Debt by actual payments, and to lessen the annual burden of Interest, and thereby the burden of Taxation, not only through such payments, but by funding the debt at the cheapest rates of interest practicable from time to time, until it is now felt that the very cheapest rates are due to the high Credit, unblemished Public Faith, and vast and growing resources of the country. From $2,755,000,000, the Principal of the Debt has been reduced to $2,260,-000,000—both sums exclusive of accrued interest—and from the heavy burden of $151,832,000 per annum, the Interest charge has been reduced to $112,780,000 per annum; while the annual taxation, under the Internal Revenue system, which the necessities of the War, and the Debt thereby created, rendered necessary for at least a short series of years, has been reduced from $311,000,000 in 1865–66 to about $154,000,000 per year in 1870–71 (estimating for the highest probable collections in the current month, the last of the Fiscal year), or less than one-half the first-named sum. And in the year 1871–72 a further reduction of $28,000,000 will come in under the Act of July, 1870, so as to give only $126,-000,000 for the year, or about two-fifths the maximum of 1865–66.

By the successful refunding of the Public Debt at moderate rates of Interest, and by continued economies in the expenditures of the Government—which in two years, from March 4, 1869, to March 4, 1871, amounted to $126,700,949, or an average saving per year of $63,350,474—it is believed that nearly the entire system of Internal Taxes can be dispensed with in a few years, or so much of it as requires the machinery of District Assessors and Collectors.

The Secretary of the Treasury has just published the Monthly Schedule of the Public Debt to June 1, from which it appears that he has further reduced the total of Funded Gold-bearing Debt since May 1 by the sum of $8,000,000, by purchase of United States 5-20's for the Sinking Fund, and reduced the 5-20's by the further sum of $8,217,400 by conversion into the New 5 per Cents. The whole Funded Debt now stands $1,894,128,750, as against $2,107,846,150 two years ago, when the present Administration came into office. Adding to these sums the net Circulation of the Treasury (that is, in Greenbacks and Greenback Certificates, after deducting Gold and Currency on hand), the following is the comparison of Debt of all kinds, at present, and at the close of the War, and in 1869:

	July, 1865.	March, 1869.	June, 1871.
U.S. Stocks,	$2,150,784,112	$2,107,846,150	$1,894,128,750
Circulation,	605,211,163	383,545,854	366,333,003
Total,	$2,755,995,275	$2,491,392,004	$2,260,461,753

The following table affords a classification of the Funded Stock (in Gold) of the United States, as at present outstanding:

Date.	Coupon.	Registered.	Total.
5-20's, 1862.....	$382,958,500	$103,973,500	$486,932,000
5-20's, 1864.....	44,752,650	55,924,100	100,676,750
5-20's, 1865.....	123,660,150	53,552,100	177,212,250
5-20's, 1865 (n.)	179,369,500	70,851,450	250,220,950
5-20's, 1867.....	241,686,550	91,325,100	333,011,650
5-20's, 1868.....	28,009,350	11,603,000	39,612,350
Total 5-20's..	$1,000,436,700	$387,229,250	$1,387,665,950
Sixes, 1881....	93,260,400	190,417,700	283,678,100
Fives, 10-40's..	57,279,650	137,287,650	194,567,300
Fives, 1874....	13,955,000	6,045,000	20,000,000
New fives, '81.	5,117,000	3,100,400	8,217,400
Total	$1,170,048,750	$724,080,000	$1,894,128,750
Total March 4, 1869			2,107,846,150
Reduction of Funded Debt..........			$213,717,400
Yearly Gold Interest charge, 1869........			$124,255,350
Present yearly charge			111,419,993
Reduction in Interest charge			$12,835,357

The proposed further reduction of the annual Interest charge upon the Public Debt by refunding is as follows:

By exchange of $500,000,000 United States six per cents for new five per cents of 1881..........	$5,000,000
By exchange of $300,000,000 United States six per cents for four and a half per cents of 1886..........	4,500,000
By exchange of $700,000,000 United States six per cents for four per cents of 1901..	14,000,000
Total saving per annum by refunding.	$23,500,000

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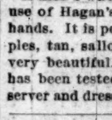

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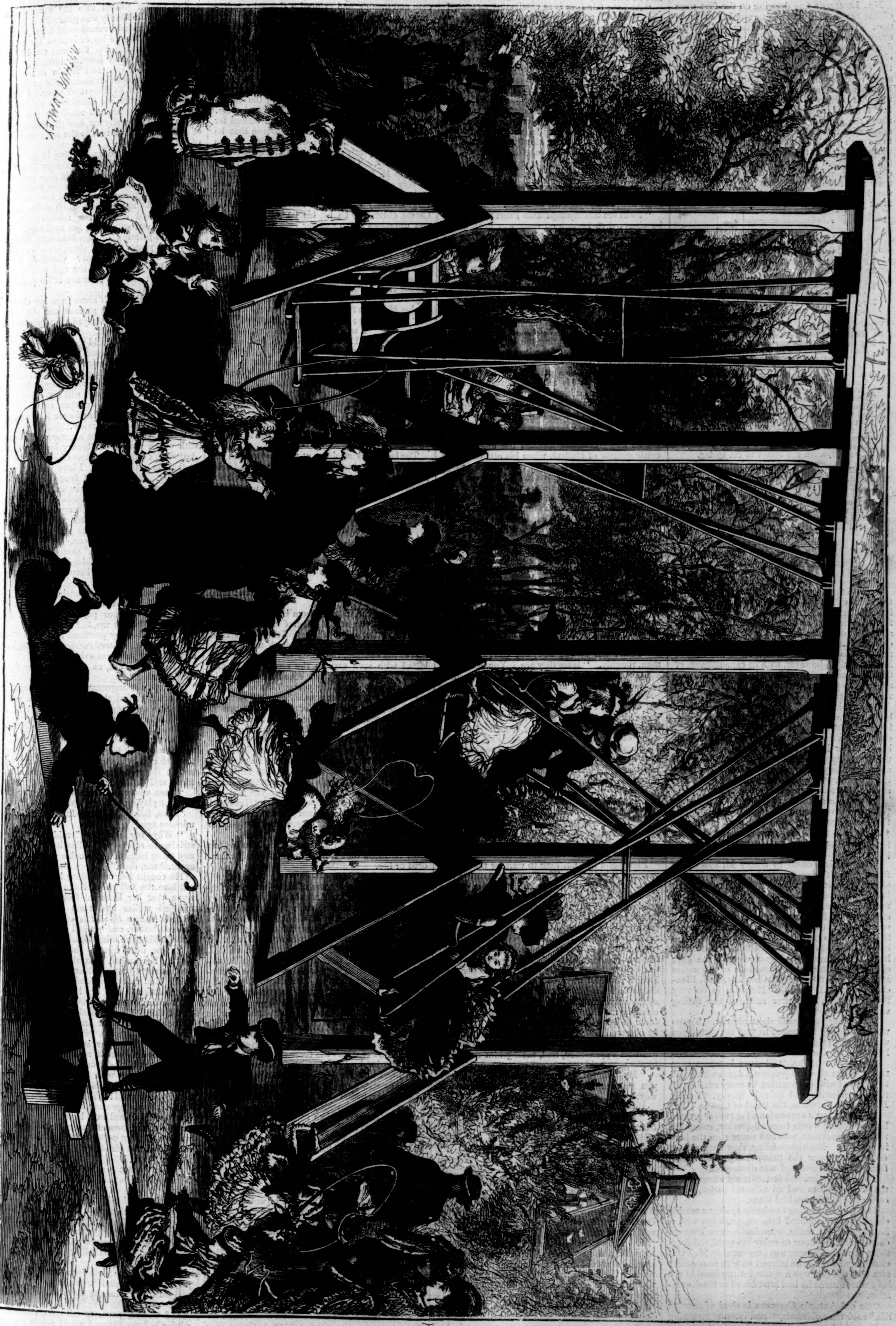

OUT-DOOR SUMMER AMUSEMENTS—THE SWINGS IN CENTRAL PARK.—[SEE PAGE 634.]

SWINGING IN THE PARK.

MR. LUMLEY's fine drawing on the first page of this Supplement requires no word of explanation. It is an out-door summer idyl, which every girl and boy among our readers will understand. It has, however, an unmistakable city air. Those trim swings are rarely seen in the country, where their place is supplied by stout ropes swung over a sturdy branch, with boards notched at each end for seats. We fear, too, that country little folk would rather disdain the artificial seesaw, on which, a few inches above the ground, the well-dressed city lad balances with unsteady legs. What would he say to a rough plank balanced over a six-rail fence, the ends swinging ten feet into the air, and nothing but friction to keep it from slipping? The city Park contrivance is, of course, a great deal the nicer of the two, and not half so apt to tear the clothes; but, on the whole, we fancy there's more genuine fun in the country make-shifts.

AT THE SPRING.

TO-NIGHT, when the feet of the twilight
Follow the day to his tomb,
And while the eve is preparing
To put on her mantle of gloom;
When the robin flies into the maple,
And hides his head under his wing,
Down at the foot of the mountain
My Milly will come to the spring.

My Milly is fair as a blossom,
And sometimes she feigns to be shy;
But she's playful as any young kitten,
And she teases me so on the sly.
She knows that I fairly adore her,
And she plays with my heart like a string:
But to-night I shall tell her my secret,
To-night, when she comes to the spring.

Three times have I essayed to tell her,
Three times has she laughed in my face,
And twisted her pretty brown ringlets
With many a roguish grimace;
And my nice little speech of proposal
Would pop from my mind and take wing:
But to-night I shall certainly tell her—
To-night, when she comes to the spring.

I shall wait till she's filled up her pitcher,
And, just as she's turning away,
I shall spring up and catch her, and hold her
Till she listens to all I would say.
I expect to get "no" to my question;
But *two* noes and a *yes* are the same thing;
And I will ask twice: so her answer
Will suit me, I think, at the spring.

THE RIVALS.

I.

AMONG the *attachés* to the French embassy at the court of Madrid in 18— was a young Parisian gentleman, M. Alphonse Planchette. The fact that he was handsome, elegant in manners, and the prospective heir to immense wealth rendered him an object of attraction to many of the fair Castilians who clustered around the throne. Female society, however, with its concomitants of flashing eyes, waving curls, and voluptuous forms, appeared to possess no charm for him until— But we are anticipating our story.

One evening a small party of young Spanish nobles and other fashionable men gathered in the saloons of a noted leader of the *ton* in Madrid. Planchette and a fellow-*attaché* were among the number. Victor Lepage, the last-mentioned individual, was a gay, jovial character, fond of adventure, and ever ready to do a good service when it lay in his power. They were inseparable friends, and strongly devoted to each other's interest.

As usual in assemblages of this kind, the main topics of conversation were the political affairs of the day, wives and women, and such other subjects as men are prone to discuss when the fairer portion of creation is not represented in the company.

When sitting down to dinner M. Planchette found himself placed directly opposite a tall, swarthy Spaniard, Don Carlos Mendoza. He had been introduced to him by the host only a few minutes before, and from the first had imbibed a strong dislike for him. There are some natures so dissimilar in their essence that simple contact is sufficient to produce a marked antipathy in both. This was such an instance. The stern, haughty manner of the grandee and the gay, sprightly deportment characteristic of the native Parisian could not assort. Certainly, if M. Planchette viewed Don Carlos Mendoza in no very flattering light, the latter returned the feeling with hearty good-will.

The dinner progressed right merrily. Toasts were drunk and responded to, and the gentlemen were about to rise from the table, when Don Carlos requested a moment's delay.

"Señors," said he, "fill your bumpers once more. I am about to propose a name which will be received with acclamation by every admirer of female perfection and queenly beauty. I toast Donna Inez Carmena, the Pearl of Castile."

A simultaneous expression of approval greeted his concluding words from all present, excepting the two Frenchmen, who had never seen the lady in question. Notwithstanding, they were gallant enough to honor the toast, though the source from which it emanated was distasteful.

The party adjourned immediately afterward to the drawing-room and an adjacent parlor, where coffee and cigars awaited them.

Don Carlos, leaning carelessly against a marble chimney-piece, entered into conversation with a flashily dressed noble, who had drawn over an easy-chair, the better to enjoy his weed. A fragment of their dialogue was overheard by M. Planchette, and from it he learned enough to convince him that the don was a suitor for the hand of the lady whose name he had introduced at the dinner-table.

"So old Antonio Carmena is tired of country life," said the nobleman, "and intends returning to Madrid?"

"Yes. I met him in Palencia the other day, and he informed me of such a design."

"And the fair Inez is as captivating as ever, I suppose?"

Don Carlos Mendoza's grim features relaxed into—the faint shadow of a smile. He was thinking of the many obstacles that lay in his path before he could hope to win her much-coveted hand. Stern and haughty though he was generally, there were times when he could assume the manner and bearing of a friendly, pleasant fellow; but at such times a sharp eye might penetrate the outward gloss, and discover his false, treacherous design rankling beneath. Verily, a diplomatist in his way was Don Carlos Mendoza.

"Donna Inez," said he, slowly, "is in the zenith of her beauty, and as captivating as ever."

Observing that their discourse was a matter of attention to those around, he then directed it to general topics, and Planchette heard no more. He heard no more, but what had been said interested him, and piqued his curiosity.

"I will see this incomparable Pearl of Castile," he observed to Lepage on their way homeward. "She must be a jewel among women to earn the plaudits I heard bestowed on her to-night."

"Take care, Planchette," said his friend, laughingly. "You are already enamored of her, I observe, in anticipation. One is liable to be disappointed when the reality is brought into comparison with the fanciful."

The other replied in the same light vein, and the subject dropped for the moment. Despite this timely caution of Victor Lepage, M. Planchette often found himself, during the course of the following week, thinking of the Pearl of Castile, and imagining the various perfections of mind and body of which she was possessed. The impression produced on his mind, however, gradually died away: other subjects engrossed his attention, and the Spanish beauty was forgotten. Fate designed, notwithstanding, that she should again live in his memory.

On his way to the French embassy one morning he was proceeding through the most aristocratic quarter of Madrid, when his attention was attracted by unusual bustle at the door of a magnificent mansion. A carriage had stopped close to the steps, and the servants were busy removing the freight of boxes and portmanteaus. Upon one of the latter he observed the inscription, "Don Antonio Carmena." In an instant the circumstances under which he had first heard that name flashed to his mind, and he thought of Inez and her haughty admirer, Don Carlos Mendoza. A vague desire to catch a glimpse of the so-called Pearl of Castile caused him to linger about the spot. A little group had collected, and one of the number, a gossiping barber, was in conversation with the coachman.

"And you say his Excellency is coming back, eh?" queried the busybody. "And the young señora; what of her? Does she intend to remain long in Madrid?"

"Stand out of the way, will you!" said the man, roughly. "Here they are. You had better ask herself, my old shaver. She is better informed on that point than I am."

Two large traveling carriages, emblazoned with the Carmena arms, whirled round the corner as he spoke, and pulled up before the door. M. Planchette drew nearer to note the sequel. A handsome old gentleman, with snowy hair, alighted first, and then turned to assist his companion, a lady closely veiled, but revealing in every movement that ineffable grace which youth and conscious beauty can alone produce. These were, as the young Frenchman correctly inferred, Don Antonio and his daughter Inez. When they had disappeared within the interior of the mansion he walked on, musing deeply; and before he reached the embassy his reflections had generated a resolution to seek some means of securing an introduction to Donna Inez.

Planchette had not long to wait for the gratification of this desire. The Carmena mansion was thrown open for the reception of visitors on the following evening, and he was among the number introduced by the French embassador. The first person on whom his eye rested, upon entering the grand saloon, was Don Carlos Mendoza, radiant with courtly smiles, and splendidly attired, talking to a lady. From her position he could only catch an imperfect glimpse of her face; but, conjecturing that she could be no other than Donna Inez, he watched her closely. Some indefinable feeling awakened a pang in his breast as the suspicion that she might already be interested in the fortunes of the false-looking adventurer at her side crept to his mind. Suddenly he observed Don Carlos leave his companion and saunter toward the door, and at the same moment the host approached, and, taking him familiarly by the arm, said:

"My dear M. Planchette, I must introduce you personally to my daughter. Come this way."

Her back was turned as they went forward.

"Inez," said Don Antonio, with a smile, "my friend M. Planchette, of the French embassy;" and he hurried off to distribute his attentions among the other guests.

"What a lovely face!" was the first reflection of the *attaché*.

Her beauty surpassed his most ardent expectations. The contour of her features was perfection itself—the forehead low and broad, indicative of female intellectuality, the nose a pure Grecian, a mouth like a rose-bud, and eyes whose melting softness would have charmed an anchorite. They were large and black, and a lambent light flashed now and then from their inmost depths, that told she was a daughter of the South. Couple these physical perfections with a peach-like brunette complexion and a rounded yet symmetrical figure, and Donna Inez Carmena, in the fullness of her youth and beauty, may be imagined by the reader.

Before M. Planchette was five minutes in her company he discovered that her mental attainments were of a high order. She conversed with ease and fluency, and evinced a ripened scholarship that surprised him not a little. In fact, he was charmed with her *piquante* gossip, delighted with her attainments, and attracted by her beauty; nay, more, he actually began to believe in love at first sight, and already began to look upon Don Carlos in the light of a rival, and detest him accordingly.

That polished gentleman re-entered the saloon while the *attaché* was yet lingering by the side of Donna Inez, and immediately approached them. He advanced with a courtly bow, and offered for her acceptance a magnificent moss-rose that he had just plucked in the garden, paying, at the same time, a pretty compliment in allusion to her own beauty. The lady took the flower, but, much to M. Planchette's covert pleasure, evinced no very marked gratification at the gallantry that prompted the attention. In truth, her manner verged closely upon ungraciousness, which Don Carlos observing, he bit his lip with vexation, and wandered off to another part of the saloon, after the exchange of a distant salutation, and a few commonplace remarks to M. Planchette.

The *attaché*, desirous of discovering the exact position that the haughty Spaniard held in the señora's opinion, adroitly turned the conversation to that end. The artifice succeeded admirably.

"You are already an acquaintance of Don Carlos Mendoza?" said Donna Inez.

"Yes, señora; *simply an acquaintance*," with emphasis. "I was introduced to him, about a month ago, by Don Miguel Lopez, and we did not meet since until to-night."

"From your expression, M. Planchette," said she, with a smile, "I suspect that you are undesirous of cultivating a farther intimacy."

"I confess that you are right, señora. I am sorry to say that I dislike him much; and," said he, after a pause, "I trust you will pardon me when I say that I regret it the more because I understand that he is a most intimate friend of—your family."

The lady, looking down at the moss-rose in her hand, began to pluck off its tender petals and drop them on the carpet. M. Planchette watched her narrowly, but not a trace of emotion was shown on that beautiful face. She looked up, by-and-by, to observe quietly:

"Your informant was laboring under some great delusion, or desired—why, I know not—to conceal the truth. Don Carlos Mendoza was never esteemed as a friend by any member of our family. He is, as in your case, a simple acquaintance—nothing more, and that only because he moves in the same circle. I have reason to know that my father and sister do not care about him, and I—I least of all."

The last petal dropped from her hand, and she threw away the stalk. Don Carlos Mendoza, from the other side of the grand saloon, watched with a jealous eye and pallid cheek the destruction of his offering, the moss-rose that he had selected with such care in the conservatory, and noted the new light that seemed to dance in Planchette's eyes as the young *attaché* stooped eagerly to drink in her concluding words—words that brought a peace and serenity to his breast, and eradicated the one vague fear that was beginning to torment it. The Spanish grandee ground his teeth with anger.

"You and I are already rivals, then?" he muttered. "Beware, M. Planchette! I am not to be opposed in my darling desire with impunity. The Pearl of Castile will be mine, notwithstanding your Parisian love-making, or you will pay the forfeit. Revenge is sweet, and, by Heaven, I will have it!" and he quitted the mansion to visit some of the low haunts where he usually spent the greater part of each night.

Before the French *attaché* parted from Donna Inez Carmena that evening he was deeply enamored of her.

II.

The *attaché* in process of time became a frequent visitor at Don Antonio Carmena's lordly mansion. Each successive day added fuel to the flame which the beauty of the fair Inez had kindled in his heart; yet he hesitated to declare his love. A fear that he might be rejected, that his dream of bliss would be dispelled by a refusal, tended to prolong the suspense in which he existed. Inez studiously avoided any line of conduct that might distinguish him from Don Carlos Mendoza, or the other numerous admirers of her charms, who stood aloof and hopelessly looked on at the active rivalry between the Spanish grandee and the young *attaché*.

In the pursuance of that rivalry M. Planchette enjoyed one considerable advantage over his opponent, and that was the favor with which his suit was regarded by Don Antonio. The old gentleman liked him for his frank, unassuming ways, his ready wit, his general affability—three points of character which he could appreciate at their proper value, and which Don Carlos altogether lacked. This favoritism of her father gradually communicated a slight tone to Inez in regard to her intercourse with M. Planchette, and induced an earlier avowal of his passion than he had first intended.

Every evening Don Antonio and the *attaché* played a game of chess in the library. It was the former's favorite amusement; he was a master of the art, and in M. Planchette he was delighted to find a worthy rival. Inez occasionally watched the play, and at such times her father, taking advantage of the young man's distracted attention, was certain to gain an easy advantage.

"Four games, by St. Jago!" exclaimed Don Antonio, with a comical smile, as he glanced from his daughter's lovely face to watch the rapt gaze with which the young man was regarding her. "Planchette, Planchette, you are making frightful blunders to-night, whatever is the reason. You have received a thorough defeat, any way. Inez, wait until I throw open these folding-doors. Sit down at the piano, my daughter, and play some of my favorite airs."

The señora passed into the music-room, as that next to the library was generally called, and, after a brief prelude, commenced a low, soft melody—a troubadour's lay of love to his mistress. Planchette, leaning his forehead on his hand, closed his eyes and listened intently. As the soothing strains rose and fell in delicious harmony they conveyed an unutterable pathos to his heart—a pathos so deep and powerful that his breast heaved with the emotions it created. He was passionately fond of music, as the children of the South generally are, and the melting poetry of song now stirred him to the innermost depths of his being.

The señora played on, reveling in the flood of melody that her slender fingers drew from the instrument; and Planchette, his eyes still closed, remained immovable. When he looked up at last Don Antonio was gone, and Inez had ceased playing. An impulse seized him at the moment. He rose and entered the music-room. The young girl was still there, her eyes vaguely fixed on an oil-painting of the Madonna that hung above the piano, and her thoughts—but who can fathom a maiden's mind? Certainly not her lover. His footsteps on the soft carpet did not disturb her: she was unaware of his presence.

"Inez."

She turned and half arose from her chair; but he entreated her by a gesture, and she resumed it. His manner betrayed the purpose that brought him there.

"M. Planchette," said she, with a warm blush, "I hope you will excuse me—this evening. I may be wanted in the drawing-room, as—"

"One moment, señora—only one! Do not refuse me," began the young *attaché*, hurriedly: "I have little to say, and will not delay you."

She turned away her eyes, and kept them averted from his pale, handsome face during the whole of that brief interview.

"Inez, you can not be unaware of the passion with which your great beauty has inspired me. A woman's natural clearness of judgment is never at fault in such a case. I love you devotedly—fervently. My life, my all, is at your service, and I offer you my hand. Inez, dear Inez, will you be my wife? Can you make a return for the ardent affection with which my heart is filled?"

He took her hand, but no gentle pressure responded to his; the face and motionless form seemed as if turned to stone.

"She will reject me," thought he, gloomily, and he stood back and folded his arms tightly on his breast, the better to keep down his rising sorrow and disappointment.

"I do not deny, M. Planchette," said Donna Inez at length, "that I have suspected the entertainment on your part of a warmer feeling than friendship for me, but I—"

"You refuse my proffered love, then?" asked the *attaché*, with forced composure, through which a latent bitterness was evident.

"No; but I ask, as a favor, a few days for consideration."

Perhaps the ingenuous blush and sweet smile that accompanied the request were a sufficient guarantee of prospective happiness for M. Planchette as he augured well of the result.

When Don Antonio returned, a little later, in the library he found his daughter alone. She was standing in the deep recess of a window, almost hidden by the crimson curtains, and looking out on the gay street, with its crowd of pedestrians and carriages.

"Inez, where is Planchette? not gone, surely, without playing a final game of chess?"

"Yes, father," faltered Inez; "he left a few minutes ago."

"Why, my daughter," said Don Antonio, striving to repress an inclination to laugh, "has any thing happened to trouble you? Come here and tell me, dear."

He caught her unresisting hand and drew her out into the full glow of the lamp-lights, to observe that her beautiful face was covered with mingled smiles and tears and blushes. He wheeled over a *tête-â-tête* covered with gilt-embossed leather, and pushed her into one of the seats, taking the other himself.

"Now, dear, what is the cause of this agitation? Remember, Inez, that I am your father, and, as such, your confidential adviser."

His kind voice and fond caresses re-awakened her agitation. She hid her face on his breast, but could not utter a word.

"I think I can surmise what has happened, dear; M. Planchette has been speaking to you, has he not?"

She did not answer, but Don Antonio, assured of the fact beforehand, took her silence for assent.

"He has been declaring love to you, and asking you to be his wife. Am I right, dear?"

"Yes, papa," faltered Inez.

"Foolish child! You weep because a gallant and handsome gentleman like M. Planchette offers you his hand and heart, throws himself at your feet, and entreats you to be his bride. How very stupid! but perhaps you had the good sense, dear, to accept his offer?"

"No, papa."

"You do not care for that intriguing fellow, Don Carlos?" asked Don Antonio, in some alarm.

"I, father?" said she, throwing back her head proudly, and raising her black eyebrows in wonder. "Love Carlos Mendoza? Ah no; Inez Carmena respects herself too much for that."

"Good, my daughter; but why reject Planchette, who is a fine fellow, and well worthy of such a bride?"

Inez again was mute for a time, and then whispered so low and tremulously that he was obliged to bend his ear down that he might hear her.

"I wished, papa, to tell you, and ask your advice before—before I would accept his love."

"Heaven bless you, my child!" said her father, patting her tenderly on the cheek. "I shall be well satisfied if you can bring yourself to like him. It is not to every one that Antonio Carmena would give his daughter. Planchette is a worthy fellow, and, by St. Jago, worth Don Carlos Mendoza ten times told."

A week elapsed. M. Planchette was obliged to visit Cadiz on business connected with the French consulate in that city. Anxious to get back to Madrid, he hurried through the undertaking which had brought him there, and concluded earlier than the amount of work warranted, or than he had thought possible. His first visit on his arrival at Madrid was to the embassy, and there he met Lepage. From thence they both proceeded to the Carmena mansion.

It was the day on which Don Antonio received his friends, and the spacious saloons were crowded with the political, literary, and scientific notables of the city. Planchette was disappointed. He had hoped for a private interview with Donna Inez, but that was impossible. She received him in a strange, confused manner, totally unlike her general self-possession, but with an undercurrent of warmth and feeling that gratified him.

Dame Fortune gave them one brief moment of privacy, and then he mingled in the throng to find out Don Antonio, whom he had not yet seen.

III.

M. Planchette returned to his lodgings early, that he might be enabled to make due preparations for a grand ball at the Austrian embassy, which was to take place that night. By the time he had completed his toilet it was only nine o'clock. Donna Inez would not reach the scene of festivity until eleven (as she had told him); he had therefore two hours of leisure. What should he do in the interim? His friend Lepage lived only in the next street—why not go over and join him in a bottle of Spanish wine? No sooner did the thought occur to him than he called for his hat and cloak. Pascal, the valet, who was a shrewd Gascon, and strongly devoted to his master, brought them.

"Monsieur will not take his sword?" he inquired, when M. Planchette was ready to start.

"No, Pascal; I am only going over to see Lepage."

"Nevertheless, if it please you, it is best to be cautious," said the servant, with strange emphasis. "The streets of Madrid are sometimes dangerous after nightfall."

"Probably, my good Pascal," said M. Planchette, with a smile; "but I do not fear to walk them. What makes you so solicitous that I should take my rapier on this occasion?"

"Because, monsieur, I have observed a couple of suspicious-looking fellows hanging around the door since your return."

"*Mille tonnerre!*" ejaculated his master, assuming an attitude of mock alarm. "What desperadoes! I see that you are determined to make a convert of me. Well, bring the sword."

Pascal, pleased by his success, hurried off for it, and presently returned, bringing the object required—a light rapier of the best-tempered steel, in an embossed sheath. The gilt morocco belt, to which it was attached, buckled round his waist (but concealed by the folds of his long cloak), he took his departure.

It was very dark, and the few lamps that the street could boast shed only a dim, flickering light around. One of these was directly opposite the door of his lodging. When he descended the stairs a man was standing beneath it, seemingly intent upon examining his watch. He turned at the noise, and glanced carelessly at M. Planchette, but again riveted his attention on the silver dial.

"Ha!" thought the Frenchman, suspiciously, "can Pascal be right, after all? Will this fellow dog me through the streets? We will see. I am prepared for him, come what may."

Passing close to the stranger, he detected a sinister scowl on that dark face, hidden though it was by the shadow of a large sombrero. Loosening the rapier in its scabbard, and bringing the hilt close to his grasp, he turned and walked rapidly up the street. A tobacconist's shop was situated at the next corner. As he passed it a tall, muscular Spaniard, who was smoking a cigarette, and coquetting with a girl in the door-way, stepped out and followed close behind him, not in a slow, lounging way, but with long, steady strides. Feeling dubious of the consequences of a too close proximity, and thinking that in such a public place (there were quite a number of pedestrians close by) the fellow might be successfully avoided by slackening his pace, M. Planchette did so, subsiding at last into a deliberate, measured gait. It was soon evident, however, that he was not destined to escape so easily from danger. The Spaniard came on with unrelaxed speed, and, when close enough, grasped him firmly by the shoulder.

"What do you mean? Unhand me, ruffian!" cried Planchette, struggling to free himself.

"Take your time, señor," growled his assailant, in an accent of assumed anger. "Think you that when you wrong Pedro Velasquez it is so easy to thwart his vengeance?"

"I wrong you?" said the Frenchman, dropping the hilt of his sword, and turning round. "Never! You mistake me for another, my good fellow; I never saw your face before. Release me, I say."

"Holy St. Anthony!" cried the villain, in a tone of affected horror. "He pretends not to know the man whom he has basely injured! Did I ever hear such brazen impudence?"

It was evident to Planchette that the Spaniard was desirous of picking a quarrel with him. He saw his danger, and strove to guard against it. A small crowd had now collected, attracted by curiosity, but one of the number (the same whom the *attaché* had seen beneath the street lamp opposite his lodging) was there from a different motive. He was the accomplice of the ruffian in whose iron grasp the Frenchman was now vainly struggling. A butcher, who was foremost among the knot of spectators, seeing a chance of foul play being employed, sprang forward and collared this fellow as he was going to the aid of the other.

"Hold!" said he; "what have you to do with the quarrel? One at a time, if you please."

"Let me pass!" shouted the wearer of the sombrero, furiously. "He is my enemy too, and by all the saints in the calendar he shall not escape me."

The burly butcher laughed derisively. The sympathies of the crowd were already enlisted in his favor, and, certain of the fact, he cared but little for the anger of his opponent. The quarrel waxed hotter, blows were struck on both sides, and in another minute they were wrestling for the mastery. Meanwhile the struggle between M. Planchette and his muscular enemy continued. The former, unable to draw his rapier, attempted, but in vain, to grasp the handle of a poniard which was concealed in the Spaniard's breast. Failing in this, he, nevertheless, succeeded in hampering Pedro's efforts to draw it. His strength ebbed fast before the superior physical activity of Velasquez, and at length a vigorous blow laid him prostrate on the ground, with his enemy above him.

"That for Don Carlos!" hissed the villain in his ear, drawing the poniard, and, sure of his aim, with the rapidity of thought making a blow at his heart.

Death would have been instantaneous had he received it as intended, but luckily, his left arm being free, he raised it for protection; and the sharp blade was buried in its quivering flesh. Before the assassin could repeat the attempt he was hurled heavily forward, and Pascal, who had, suspicious of danger, followed M. Planchette, raised him to his feet. When they looked round, after the confusion caused by this episode had somewhat subsided, both the assassins had made good their escape by plunging into a net-work of dark and tortuous alleys through which it would be idle to attempt a pursuit.

M. Planchette, pale from loss of blood (it was still flowing copiously), and leaning on his faithful valet's arm, reached the lodgings of his friend Lepage. They found that gentleman dressed in the extreme of fashion, and practicing divers graceful antics before a large mirror in his bedroom.

"What, Planchette!" he exclaimed, pausing in his rehearsal to perform a novel *pirouette*. "Got into a fracas in the street, eh? Bad work—bad work, old fellow! Sit in this easy-chair. Pascal, you run next door for the surgeon, who lives there—he'll come in a twinkling. How did it happen? Never mind!—you can tell me presently."

M. Planchette's servant hastened away, and returned with the assistance required, in the shape of a grave, elderly personage, who carried a box of instruments under his arm. The wounded man's arm was bared and examined. It was pronounced "a very favorable case," and dressed accordingly, the surgeon being dismissed with a liberal fee. Pascal was sent off, too, back to M. Planchette's lodgings; and Lepage, broaching a bottle of wine, listened, while he sipped a glass, to his friend's recital of the imminent peril he had so providentially escaped.

"Well, what do you intend to do about it?"

"Do!" said Planchette, while a small angry spot gathered on his pale cheek. "Do! This trifling wound will not prevent me from attending the embassador's ball, and, should I see my enemy there, I will brand him as a coward and an instigator of assassination to his teeth; ay, before the assembled rank and fashion of Madrid."

"And then?" queried Lepage, coolly.

"I do not understand you."

"If he should challenge you?"

"I will meet him like a gentleman. My right arm is untouched yet, thank God."

"*Peste!*" said his more commonplace friend, touching the corners of his black mustache. "That is a queer way of getting satisfaction, offering yourself as a target for his pistol. A good shot he is, too, I hear; so I wouldn't advise you to try it."

"Lepage," said the other, angrily, "do you doubt my courage?"

"Not I, faith," answered the other, with a gay smile: "I rather have reason to remember it. Unless I mistake wofully, you inaugurated our mutual friendship by pinking me in a truly scientific style before the termination of our studies—eh?"

"Yes, yes," said Planchette; "but you must not attempt to dissuade me from this project."

"Certainly not, *mon ami*," responded his fellow *attaché*, "since you are determined on such a Quixotic proceeding. I would ask, however, what will become of *la belle Inez* should any thing befall you?"

"Do not mock me, Lepage," said Planchette, seriously. "You are well aware that Inez has never acknowledged any attachment for me."

"That may be, but one can guess how the wind blows by her smiles and blushes, notwithstanding her assumed indifference to your suit. *Parbleu*, I am not blind."

"Then you must see that it is near eleven, and therefore time to start."

Planchette, invigorated by a refreshing draught, and the prospect of meeting his mortal enemy face to face, was soon ready. It took the other some time to complete his final preparations, but they were at length comfortably ensconced in the vehicle which Lepage had secured beforehand. As the Austrian embassador's residence was situated only two squares from the latter's lodgings, they just alighted at the door when it struck eleven. From the arrangement of Planchette's attire, no one would be apt to notice that he was wounded, and the calm determination visible on his handsome face prevented any spasm from the sharp pain that he really felt from being observed.

The two *attachés* ascended the marble steps arm in arm. A crash of music from the ball-room orchestra saluted their ears as they reached the hall; servants in gorgeous liveries flitted here and there through the capacious rooms and long galleries, and the numerous guests flocked up the broad staircase in a continuous stream. Returning the various salutations which greeted their arrival, and after a moment passed before a mirror in a dressing-chamber, they made their appearance on the immediate scene of festivity.

"Lepage," said Planchette, in a low voice, when they had entered, "if any thing happens to-night, I wish you to be my second."

"Very good, *mon ami*. I will watch your progress through the ball-room, and make my bow to Don Carlos when necessary," and so they parted.

M. Planchette's sharp eyes searched the throng of guests on every side, but neither Donna Inez nor his enemy appeared among them. He therefore retired to a quiet corner, and prepared for what was to follow. Leaning against a column, he surveyed the gay scene with a dull, inattentive eye. The flash of diamonds, the lovely women who floated past in the voluptuous dance, the thrilling strains of the band, now dying away into melting cadences and again rising into grandeur, the compliments, the witticisms heard on all sides, were unperceived by him. His mind was engaged on a matter of more importance, his ear attentive to the announcements which the servants at the door were making, continually heralding the entrance of other guests. In a pause of the music he suddenly heard the well-remembered names:

"Don Antonio and Donna Inez Carmena."

"At last," he muttered, hurrying forward to meet them.

Inez, resplendent in a set of matchless diamonds, representing in themselves a fortune, came in, leaning on her father's arm. She was dressed simply in white, but the transparent silk of which her dress was composed floated round her beautiful form like moonlight. M. Planchette bent in silent adoration before this bewitching deity as he solicited her hand for the approaching dance. The donna's eyes sought the ground before his too ardent gaze, and she trifled with her jeweled fan. Yes, she would accept the engagement, though—and the melting dark eyes were raised shyly—though she had resolved not to dance to-night. This concession, and made in such a manner, elevated Planchette's hopes to their zenith; and he led her off with a rapture which he found it impossible to hide. Don Antonio, pleased to be relieved of his beloved charge from such a quarter (for he liked the handsome *attaché*), sauntered off to one of the chess-rooms down stairs to meet an opponent. As Planchette was dancing, his friend Lepage passed close by.

"Don Carlos is in the building, I hear," he whispered in a low tone, "but not yet in the ball-room."

Planchette felt the red spot of anger burning again on his cheek, but managed to conclude the final figure without attracting any observation. As he conducted his partner to a seat within full view of the door, the servant there stationed announced in a loud voice, "Don Carlos Mendoza;" and simultaneously the smiling, treacherous face of his rival saluted his vision. Faultlessly graceful in mien and magnificently dressed, he entered the ball-room accompanied by his especial friend, a grim German baron and a notorious duelist.

Pretending to be completely engrossed by his fair companion's conversation, Planchette never looked directly at him; but, notwithstanding, had his attention fixed on the one determination. Presently he saw Lepage, who was on the opposite side of the room, edging over in his direction, and therefrom inferred that his enemy was approaching. He was not mistaken, for he soon heard his smooth, oily voice close beside him.

"Donna Inez," said he, passing abruptly before Planchette, "I am delighted to see you here to-night, and so charming, too! Will you honor me with your hand in the dance following this?"

Then, pretending to have at that moment first observed the French *attaché*, he turned and bowed mockingly. Planchette narrowly escaped an inclination to strike him, and, collecting his utmost composure, he glanced at him scornfully from head to foot: such a volume of withering contempt as that look gave utterance to would have annihilated a less polished courtier on the spot. But Don Carlos was not to be conquered without a struggle.

"Monsieur Planchette," said he in French, with a malignant sneer—"Monsieur Planchette is pleased to be insulting!"

"How dare you speak to me?" rejoined the Parisian, in a loud, clear tone, which attracted the attention of all around them. "How dare you look a gentleman in the face, after your vile attempt to have me assassinated in the public streets to-night."

Don Carlos, whose dark face had assumed the hue of gray marble, advanced to seize him violently by the throat; but Lepage interfered.

"Stay, señor," said he, quietly. "If you demand proper satisfaction from M. Planchette, you will, no doubt, get it; but your power is limited to that."

"Good!" said the furious noble, with an accent of diabolical hatred, as he fell back. "I will cleanse my name from the foul lie in his accursed blood!" And he plunged violently into the crowd and disappeared.

The German baron's massive proportions now came into view.

"Monsieur Lepage," said he, with a grim smile, "am I to understand that you are this gentleman's friend? So—so; we will agree as to terms, I hope. I will assume the responsibility of arranging the matter for Don Carlos."

They both drew aside; and M. Planchette, pale but firm, and mentally relieved by what had happened, turned his attention once more to the terrified Donna Inez. Before he could utter a dozen words in explanation Lepage came up and took his arm.

"It's all settled!" he whispered. "To-morrow morning at seven, in a quiet spot outside the city. He selected pistols, so you have a good chance. Had you not better come off to my lodgings now, and have a sleep before the meeting?"

M. Planchette acceded to the suggestion, and took leave of Donna Inez.

"Should I survive," said he, in a low, deep tone, "may I hope?"

Her black eyes, suffused with the tears that she vainly tried to suppress, gave a favorable reply.

The young *attaché*, in his friend's luxurious drawing-room, penned two or three letters that night, and left directions to have them properly forwarded in case a fatal issue should attend his contest on the morrow. He then lay down and slept soundly until the first gleams of daybreak, when Lepage appeared at his bedside to arouse him.

It was almost half past six by the time the two friends were ready to move to the scene of action. M. Lepage was provided with a brace of hair-triggers, and the other paraphernalia usually brought into requisition on such occasions; and so, after taking a cup of hot coffee and lighting a weed each, they set out.

The spot selected was an open meadow about a mile from Madrid, and, on account of its favorable position, frequently used for the settlement of affairs of honor by the hot-blooded gallants of the Spanish capital. A small range of wooded hills sheltered it from the highway; and there, secure from public observation, the rivalry of M. Planchette and his enemy was finally settled. The Frenchmen were on the ground first, and after examining it with a critical eye they stretched themselves on the greensward to finish their cigars. Planchette talked of the coming contest with remarkable *nonchalance*, and renewed his instructions to Lepage regarding the final settlement of his affairs if the fates should declare against him. Impatient at the delay, he frequently consulted his watch, and just as the hands signified the hour, his opponent, accompanied by the baron and a surgeon, appeared through a gap in the hills.

"Punctual to our appointment, gentlemen, I hope you'll allow," said the German, rubbing his hands briskly. "Just seven! not a second more! M. Lepage, will you kindly step aside with me?"

The *attaché* did so, and they walked apart. Don Carlos regarded his rival with a deadly scowl, and thrusting his two hands in his pockets, whistled with an affectation of indifference. Planchette measured him with a steady eye, and then turned his attention to the surgeon, who was arranging his instruments on the grass.

"All right, gentlemen," said the baron, approaching, after his conference. "The signal will be a white handkerchief, dropped by M. Lepage; both to fire simultaneously, at fifteen paces."

The men were placed in position by their respective seconds—the weapons, carefully loaded under the joint supervision of the latter, placed in their hands—and they were left alone, face to face. Before Lepage withdrew from the side of his principal, he whispered,

"Steady, now, Planchette! Look him straight in the eyes, and remember *la belle Inez!*"

The young *attaché* nodded his thanks for the caution. His friend walked to his designated position, and drew out a linen handkerchief.

"Make ready, gentlemen!"

Both pistols were noiselessly raised to the proper level. Planchette, glancing along the shining barrel of his weapon, caught the malevolent eye of his rival glaring at him; but not a nerve quivered in response to that look of hatred.

The white handkerchief dropped.

They both fired at the same moment. One flash and a sharp, clear report followed. Lepage rushed forward, and found his friend standing calm and unharmed; but Don Carlos lay on the grass, with the medical man and the German baron bending over him. Both the *attachés* advanced. He was stretched on his back, with his mouth slightly contorted, as if by a spasm of mortal agony, and his eyes staring glassily at the blue sky overhead. The surgeon tore open his clothes, revealing a wound on the left side, from which a sluggish stream of blood was oozing

"Gentlemen, I regret to say that he is dead!"

"Dead!" reiterated the German, in a state of stupefaction.

"Yes! The ball has pierced his heart!"

"You had a narrow escape," said the baron, at last, to Planchette, after he had verified the surgeon's assertion. "Don Carlos was a careful shot, and he was determined to make you bite the dust. Poor fellow!"

The two *attachés* turned away, and hastened back to Madrid. About an hour later a lumbering country cart, containing the remains of the unfortunate Don Carlos, wrapped in a cloak, and accompanied by his second, followed slowly in the same direction. The tragic termination of the duel soon spread through the city; but when the complete facts were made known public opinion was strongly biased in favor of the young Frenchman. M. Planchette, however, thought it desirable to return to Paris until the excitement should blow over. It is almost superfluous to say that, on the occasion of his re-assuming his functions at the French embassy in Madrid, his dreams of love were realized, and he was happily wedded to Donna Inez Carmena.

BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF BOSTON AND VICINITY—SHOWING THE OUTLI

...LY... AND VILLAGES AND RAILROAD COMMUNICATIONS.—[See Page 638.]

ALL AROUND BOSTON.

THE double-page illustration in our Supplement this week is devoted to the ancient and picturesque city of Boston and the surrounding country. The spectator is supposed to be swinging at ease in a balloon somewhere over the islands in the harbor, overlooking one of the most beautiful regions in the New World—a region rich in historic and literary interest. From this airy height we look down upon the scene of that famous tea-party that ended in such a tempest—upon the scene of the well-fought battle commemorated by the granite shaft that glitters white in the sunshine of this July morning—upon the scene of the earlier conflict further up the country, where

> "The embattled farmers stood,
> And fired the shot heard round the world."

A little nearer stands the monument which marks the scene of the battle of Lexington.

The picturesque situation of Boston strikes the eye at once. Built upon rising ground, and nearly surrounded by water, it presents a marked contrast to New York, whose dead level is almost unrelieved, and its beautiful suburbs exhibit an equal variety of natural scenery. The city itself is so irregularly laid out, the streets of the older portions are so crowded and so narrow, that it bears more resemblance to a medieval city of Europe than any other American town. The newer portion, beyond the Common and the public garden, built upon land secured by filling up a shallow sheet of water known as the Back Bay, is laid out in broad, straight avenues, on each side of which rise the handsome residences of wealthy citizens, surpassing, as Bostonians maintain, any thing we have to show along Fifth Avenue. Glancing directly in front, in the centre of the view the spectator sees the famous Faneuil Hall, the "cradle of American liberty;" beyond this the State-house looms up, with its handsome dome. The eye then passes over the Common, with its fountain and "Frog Pond." A little to the right is Charles River, the scene of many a well-contested university boat race, and still further on is Cambridge and Harvard University. Near the horizon may be seen Concord, with its monument, and a little this side of it a cluster of houses made famous by being the residences of men whose names are familiar as household words wherever the English language is spoken. There HAWTHORNE once lived, and there EMERSON still lives. Away over on the left, just beyond the place marked as West Roxbury, is the scene of "Brook Farm," immortalized in the "Blithedale Romance." In the same direction, nearer the horizon, lies the pretty village of Natick, the home of Senator WILSON, and near by is Cochituate Lake, whence the Bostonians are supplied with water.

Like the vicinity of New York, the country about Boston is traversed by a great number of railroads, connecting the city with the suburban towns that cover the surface of the landscape, and in which thousands of citizens find a semi-rural refuge from the haunts of business. By the incorporation of some of the nearer suburbs Boston has had a sudden accession of area and population; and as the intervening lands are built up between her present borders and the still outlying villages she promises herself a still further increase in the way of annexation. In many respects Boston is a very pleasant city for a residence. Society is cultivated and high toned, with an aristocratic flavor that especially commends it to Englishmen, notwithstanding Bunker Hill and the raid on the tea cargoes. The city has several fine public libraries, a fair picture-gallery, and prides itself especially upon its literary celebrities. The theatre and opera do not especially flourish within its precincts, and its musical tastes lead chiefly to the culture of classical music. BEETHOVEN, HAYDN, and HANDEL, are idolized, and the large Music Hall, with its grand organ, is better patronized than any of the theatres.

A SPORTIVE LORD.

IN Boyd's "Reminiscences of Fifty Years" we find the following anecdote of Lord Kenmure, a facetious Scottish nobleman, who was exceedingly fond of a practical joke. At one time he had two English friends on a visit, and, to show them the lower district of the county, had arranged to take them the following morning to a meeting of the landed proprietors. His lordship had sent orders to the landlady of the little inn half-way, where the horses were to be baited, to have a first-rate Scotch breakfast ready for two English gentlemen and himself. He had prepared his friends for seeing an original, on whom he was about to play a trick. During the evening he ordered six eggs to be sent to the drawing-room, at the same time desiring one of the grooms to go to the stable and pull out some long hairs from a horse's tail—a thing very usual on the banks of the Ken, where fishing-lines had frequently to be improvised.

The eggs having arrived through one channel, and the horse-hairs through another, the noble lord had to carry out his first operation, which was, with the aid of a needle, to puncture the shell, through which a horse-hair was introduced in each egg—a simple process. Having arrived at the inn, where breakfast was waiting, Lord Kenmure sent for the landlady, and said, "I hope you have not yet boiled the eggs?" "*Na, na*, my lord, I *hae na* boiled them yet." "Because," said his lordship, "one of my friends is so very particular that he must see the eggs first; after which he will tell you, should he like their appearance, how long he wishes them to be boiled; bring up half a dozen as quickly as you can, as we are very hungry." The landlady went out, and came back instantly with half a dozen eggs. The transfer or exchange of the Kenmure Castle eggs for the landlady's having been slyly effected, the former were ordered to be boiled two minutes and three-quarters; the landlady promising to watch the boiling herself (*my ain sel*). As soon as the two minutes and three-quarters had expired the lassie had the eggs on the table; but scarcely had she got down stairs when the bell rang violently. "*Gang* back, Mary, this moment; *rin*, lassie, *rin*, for there's something *wrang*." "Tell your mistress to come here instantly," said his lordship. Away ran the girl, and her mistress was in the presence of the breakfast party forthwith. "Why, my good woman," exclaimed Lord Kenmure, "what, in the name of wonder, is this? Here is a horse-hair in my egg!" "Good gracious, ma lord, a *lang* horse's hair in the egg! Weel, weel, this is *ayont ony* thing I ever *kenned*." The poor woman stood so bewildered at the long hair which had come out of the egg, and was now lying on the table, that Lord Kenmure came to her relief by telling her that it was, at all events, no fault of hers, and that they would now try another egg; when out came another horse-hair. His friends were convulsed, while the landlady stood aghast. They each broke the shell of their respective eggs in the presence of the landlady, whose state of mind and amazement at what she was witnessing had now reached a point not easily to be described; and the climax of her distress was reached when the two visitors for whom she had so anxiously prepared a good breakfast had each drawn out as long a hair from his egg as Lord Kenmure had from both of his. "How can you account for this?" said his lordship. "Oh, ma lord, I see exactly *hoo* this comes *aboot*: that *doure*, stubborn man, John, in the yard" (the hostler) "is forever letting the hens into the stable, and they get into the bunkers and eat the horses' corn, and it is *noo* clear to me that they *hae* swallowed the hair." "Well, never mind, landlady; we have an excellent breakfast here, and I don't think the eggs appear much the worse."

The party drove off, and in the evening returned to rest the horses. The first salutation Lord Kenmure received from the landlady was, "*Weel*, ma lord, they are *a'* killed." "What are killed?" "The heads are cut *aff* every hen I *hae*, as I will not risk *sic* anither thing as happened to your lordship and the gentlemen this morning; the *like o' it* never was known in the *hale* o' this *kintra afore*." Sure enough, Lord Kenmure and his two visitors saw the poor headless fowls. "Then," said his lordship, addressing the persecuted hostess, "as you are resolved to change the breed, I must do this for you, as my hens at the castle never lay eggs with horse-hair in them;" and accordingly his lordship replenished the landlady's poultry-yard on an extensive scale.

SOMNAMBULISTS.

THE sleep-walkers who go from room to room, and are very busy in a sort of world of their own, without actually composing new music or writing new compositions, are numerous. The *Morning Chronicle* in 1822 gave an account of a seaman who slept for a night at an inn in York. Wishing to be called early next morning, and knowing himself to be a heavy sleeper, he directed the chamber-maid to come into his room and call him, if he did not hear her knock at the door. Waking when the sun was high in the heavens, he felt certain that he had slept far beyond the proper time; but looking for his watch to know the hour, he found that it was not in its place under the pillow, where he had placed it. He jumped out of bed to dress, but his clothes were gone; and, looking round, he found himself in a strange room. He rang the bell; the chamber-maid appeared, and then he found that he had, at some early hour in the morning, left his bed and wandered in a somnambulistic sleep into another room; for when the maid came to call him he was not in his proper room. Wienholt relates the case of a student who, when in a somnambulistic state, was wont to leave his bed, go to the parlor or to his study, take out pen, ink, and paper, place music in its proper position on the piano-forte, and play a whole piece through with his eyes shut. His friends once turned the music upside down while he was playing. He somehow detected the change, and replaced the paper in the proper position. On another occasion his ear detected a note out of tune; he tuned the string, and went on again. On a third occasion he wrote a letter to his brother, rational and legible to a certain point; but it was singular to observe that he continued to write after the pen had lost its ink, making all the proper movements without being conscious that he made no more marks on the paper. A case is on record of a young lady who, when under the influence of a particular nervous complaint, would walk about the house in a state of sleep, or coma, steering her way safely between the articles of furniture, and even avoiding objects purposely placed to obstruct her path. Her eyes were open, but she evidently did not see through them in the ordinary sense; for she entirely disregarded strong lights held close to her eyes, and even a finger that was actually placed against the eyeball. Physicians are acquainted with many evidences of persons who do *not* see with the eyes, but have some unexplained kind of vision in certain morbid states of the nervous system.

Those somnambulists who wander about in streets and roads, or (like Amina, in Bellini's opera) walk along planks in perilous situations, have the muscular sense, whatever it may be, effectively awake. Doctor Carpenter notices, at some length, "the sleep-walkers who make their way over the roofs of houses, steadily traverse narrow planks, and even clamber precipices; and this they do with far less hesitation than they would do in the waking state." The sense of fear is asleep, whatever else may be awake. Some somnambulists start off while asleep to attend to their regular work, though under very irregular circumstances. Not very many years ago a working stone-mason in Kent was one evening requested by his master to go next morning to a church-yard in the neighborhood and measure the work which had been done to a wall, in order that an account might be sent in to the church-wardens. The man went to bed at the usual time; but when he awoke he found himself fully dressed, in the open air, and in the dark. Presently a clock struck two, and he knew that he was in the church-yard. As he found that he had a measuring-rod and a book in his hand, he resolved to walk about till daybreak (it being summer weather), and ascertain what it was that he had really done. He then found that he had measured the wall correctly, and had entered the particulars in his book. Sometimes, instead of starting up from sleep to go to work, persons will fall asleep while working or walking. When Sir John Moore made his famous retreat to Corunna whole battalions of exhausted troops slumbered as they marched. Muleteers have been known to sleep while guiding their mules, coachmen while driving on the box, post-boys while trotting on their horses, and factory children while at work. There was a rope-maker in Germany who often fell asleep when at work, and either continued his work in a proper way or uselessly remade cordage already finished. Sometimes when walking long distances he was similarly overtaken with sleep; he went on safely, avoiding horses and carriages, and timber lying on the road. On one occasion he fell asleep just as he got on horseback; yet he went on, rode through a shallow river, allowed his horse to drink, drew up his legs to prevent his feet from being wetted, passed through a crowded market-place, and arrived safely at the house of an acquaintance; his eyes were closed the whole time, and he awoke just after reaching the house. Gassendi describes a case of a man who used to rise in the night, dress himself while asleep, go down to the cellar, draw wine from a cask, and walk back to his bed without stumbling over any thing. In the morning, like other sleep-walkers, he knew nothing of what had happened. If he chanced to wake while in the cellar, which once or twice occurred, he groped his way back in the dark with more difficulty than when the sleep was upon him. Another Italian, also mentioned by Gassendi, passed on stilts over a swollen torrent in the night while asleep, then awoke, and was too much afraid to recross until daylight came.

An additional element of interest is presented in those cases in which speaking is concerned, the somnambulist either talking or hearing what is said to him by others. Many writers mention the instance of a young naval officer who was signal lieutenant to Lord Hood when the British fleet was watching Toulon. He sometimes remained on deck eighteen or twenty hours at a time, watching for signals from the other ships; he would then retire to his cabin, and fall into a sleep so profound that no ordinary voice could wake him; but if the word "signal" was even whispered in his ear he was roused instantly. Doctor James Gregory cites the case of a young military officer, going with his regiment in a troop-ship to a foreign station in 1758, who, when asleep, was peculiarly sensitive to the voices of his familiar acquaintances, and powerfully influenced by any thing they said to him. Some of the other young officers, ready for any pranks, would lead him on through all the stages of a duel, or of an impending shipwreck, or of a sanguinary battle: each sentence spoken by them turning his dream (if it may be called a dream) into a particular direction, until at length he would start up in imaginary danger, and perhaps awake by falling out of his berth or stumbling over a rope.

SPLITTING THE DIFFERENCE.

IT is astonishing how much the business of the world is facilitated and made agreeable by the practice of splitting differences. The more it prevails among men the more even is the tenor of their way, the more smooth and tranquil the current of their life. In all our relations with each other the wise dealing with differences is of vital import. The poet says, "Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers;" and so we do if we only get and spend; but we can not do without spending, and we must get in order to spend. The mischief is that men will get all they can possibly grasp, and are apt to spend even faster than they get, and so sacrifice life for the means of living luxuriously. This is the vice of our time, springing out of the social rivalries which are its characteristic. Brown must keep his brougham, for no other earthly reason than because Jones has set up his, and both go galloping toward insolvency because neither will allow the other to outshine him; if they would split the difference between parsimony and extravagance, they would get at the golden mean.

In splitting the difference care must be taken to do it fairly and honestly. Nothing is more common than the violation of this rule, and with all of us there is too great a tendency to split differences in conformity with our own pet notions, predilections, or creeds. Hence we are but unreliable judges in matters in which we are personally interested, and in all such cases, when a difference has to be split, we should commit the process to another. Still we shall have cases always recurring in which we must deal with differences from our own single point of view, simply because we can not bring ourselves to confide to others the opposing motives that have weight in our secret hearts. In no case, scarcely, is the decision so difficult, or the difference so hard to split to our own satisfaction, as in judging of the claims of others to our admiration, regard, or esteem. It is not very creditable to us that in estimating the merits of others we almost invariably compare them with a standard far loftier than that we could fairly claim for ourselves; if there is any reason for our doing so, other than our vanity and conceit, we confess we are unable to discover it; and if such be the reasons, then the sooner we descend from our fancied exaltation the better. There is a verse of some German poet, whose name has escaped us, which affords a very good rule for judging of our fellow-men, and which practically splits the difference betwixt that undue laudation on the one hand, and detraction on the other, to which all of us are prone at times. The verse may be thus "done into English:"

> "If foes my character impeach,
> And warn thee what my failings be,
> Suffer my friends in turn to teach
> That virtue hath *some* part in me.
> If Slander hold me up to wrath,
> Or Fame weave laurels for my brow,
> I'd have thee choose the middle path,
> And deem I am a man—as thou."

In matters of morality there must be no splitting of differences. The sense of right and wrong is engraved on every heart, and the obligation to do the right and shun the wrong, if it be not identical with this moral sense, is yet inseparable from it. In matters of religion, also, there must be no splitting of differences. Every man must be fully persuaded in his own mind, and no man can refer his decisions to the control of another without treason against his own conscience, and unfaithfulness to the revealed standard of truth.

CHARLOTTE CORDAY.

OF the many admirable episodes that Lamartine has given us in his "History of the Girondists," not one perhaps is so exquisite as that which tells the story of Charlotte Corday. She was by descent doubly noble; her lineage was aristocratic, and she was the granddaughter of Pierre Corneille, the great dramatist. But, like many scions of the old French nobility, her father was a poor man—a petty farmer, tilling his own ground, living by the daily labor of his hands. He was, at the same time, a man of parts, an adorer of liberty, an enthusiastic admirer of the new ideas. Her childhood differed little from that of a Norman peasant girl; her garb was the same; and at hay-making and harvest-time she helped in the field work. Later in life an old maiden lady, a relation, adopted her. Henceforth her life was more worthy of her birth. Here is Lamartine's description of her new home:

"Off an old-fashioned, secluded street in Caen stood an ancient habitation, with gray walls, weather-stained and dilapidated by time. It was called Le Grand Manoir. A fountain covered with moss stood in an angle of the court-yard. A narrow, low door-way, with fluted lintels uniting in an arch over the top, showed the worn steps of a winding staircase which led to the upper story. Two windows, with octagonal panes of glass, framed in lead-work, dimly lit the staircase and the empty chambers. The misty daylight in this antique, obscure abode impressed on it the character of vagueness, mystery, and melancholy, which the human fancy delights to see folded like a shroud over the cradle of deep thoughts and the homes of strongly imaginative minds."

Here, in this dreamy solitude, in the deep shadows of the old court-yard, sat Charlotte in the summer days, dreaming over the pages of Plutarch or Rousseau; no sound of rude actual life to jar upon her meditations; only the rustle of the leaves, and the flowers shaking their perfume into the sunlit air, or the sweet songs of the birds, and the sleepy, monotonous music of the old fountain. Her soul was filled with the spirit of the antique world, as her features were moulded in the finest form of Greek beauty—the oval face, the delicately chiseled nose, the ripe lips. "Her hair," writes Lamartine, "seemed black when fastened in masses around her head, but golden at the points of the tresses, like ears of ripe corn; her eyes of a color variable as the wave of the ocean, which borrows its tint from the shadow or the sunbeam—blue when she reflected, almost black when called into animated play."

But soon dark and terrible images begin to break in upon her fair visions. Over the length and breadth of France roll the echoes of the September massacres; like the mutterings of a distant tempest come the shrieks of the slaughtered, and athwart the bright horizon, that was but now illumined by the glorious sun of liberty, gather the bloody clouds from Paris. Mingled with those echoes come the name of Marat as the demon who has let loose the storm—the arch-murderer. All other actors in the terrible drama (so say the echoes) are but subordinates to this evil star. The Girondists are fugitives; Madame Roland is in prison; day by day the influence of anarchists and murderers grows stronger.

A terrible blow is this news to Charlotte. Is the tyranny of kingcraft to be superseded only by a tyranny yet more cruel and revolting? Is there no way to save the republic of her dreams, that day by day is vanishing in a mist of blood? Sitting in the shadow of the dark gray walls, with the moss-grown fountain whispering the story of some Norman Arethusa in her ears, Plutarch lying open upon her knees, with dejected face and saddened eyes, thus ponders the beautiful enthusiast. In that grand old book, from which so many heroes of the revolution drew their inspiration, she is seeking the answer to her questions. Again and again she reads the immortal stories of self-sacrifice that tell how often the immolation of one man saved a country; how one opposed himself single-handed to an army; how one plunged into a gulf; how another died

upon the field of battle, and another smote the tyrant with his dagger.

Brooding thus by day and dreaming thus by night, her mind grew pregnant, and out of the chaos of her thoughts rises a shadowy idea, undefined, unacknowledged for a time, but hourly perfecting its form and growing in strength, until it masters its creator, and bends her to its will. Beneath its power she grows pale and ill; her friends grow alarmed, and question her; but she evades their solicitude, and prepares herself by secret meditation for her terrible self-imposed task.

War has been declared, and the youth of France flock eagerly to the frontiers. From Caen go forth six thousand volunteers; among them is one whose whole soul is devoted to Charlotte. She has given him her portrait; did she allow her heart free play she would give him that; but her pride would not permit her to become a portionless wife, and so she stifles the feeling. From one of the windows of Le Grand Manoir she sees him march down the street, waves him an adieu, and turns aside to hide her tears. Their eyes will never meet again in this world. She knows it; happily for him he does not.

Her terrible idea now fully matured, she takes steps for its execution. Barbaroux is at Caen; he will assist her to the first step of her design. She seeks an introduction to him, eagerly questions him upon the state of Paris, upon the prospects of his party; his gloomy answers strengthen her resolution. The gossips smile and whisper at these interviews with the handsome young Girondist. Alas! they little think how speedy and how sad will be her vindication. It is not love that is in her soul, but martyrdom—for him and for his party.

One day she astonished her friends by informing them that she was going to Paris to lay before the Convention the claims of an exiled friend. In vain they attempted to dissuade her from her purpose; she bade them a tender adieu, wrote a farewell to her father, and, with a letter to a M. Duperret, a Girondist, obtained from Barbaroux, started in the diligence for Paris. Accident frustrated her plan as she had at first conceived it, and obliged her to depend upon her own efforts to gain admission to Marat's presence.

She wrote Marat a letter, in which she told him she was the bearer of momentous intelligence concerning the affairs of Caen, and requested an interview. To this she received no reply. She then wrote a second, as follows:

"Did you have my letter? I can not believe it, as they refused admittance to me. I hope to-morrow you will grant the interview I request. I repeat, I have secrets to disclose to you most important for the safety of the republic. Besides, I am persecuted for the cause of liberty; I am unhappy, and that I am so should give me a claim upon your patriotism." The false pretenses under which she gained admission to the tyrant occasioned the only remorse she ever felt. To her exalted imagination such subterfuges were a blot upon her early mission.

On the afternoon of the day appointed she sallies forth from the house of M. Perretier, whose hospitality she has accepted during her sojourn in Paris. Alas! it will cost him and all his family their lives. She is dressed in pure white, a scarf is thrown across her shoulders, a Normandy cap is upon her head, and her hair is bound with broad green ribbon. Her first act is to buy a long, keen knife; concealing this beneath her dress, she walks quickly toward the Rue St. Honoré. The sun has set, the evening is closing in, the light in the streets is growing dim, when she presents herself at Marat's house. She walks into the outer room; all is bustle and business; the *Journal de la République*, the successor of *L'Ami du Peuple*, has just come from the press; people are busy folding the copies, which messengers are waiting to carry to their destinations. But little attention is vouchsafed to the stranger. She requests to see Marat. Albertine, his mistress, comes forward; she eyes the beautiful face and form of the visitor with any thing but favor. She fears a rival! She is jealous of her hideous lover! She informs Charlotte, in no gentle accents, that she can not see him—he is in his bath. They are standing close to the door of the inner room. Marat overhears the discussion, and calls to Albertine to ask what it is about. She goes to him, closes the door behind her, but returns in a few seconds, with a lowering visage, to bid the intruder enter. The next instant Charlotte is standing in the lion's den; the door is again closed, but Albertine stands without, with her ear against the crevice, to catch the business of this importunate woman.

It is a small room, dimly lit even at noonday, now more than half dark; in the centre is a huge bath, nearly filled with water. Out of it rises the head, shoulders, and arms of the man she seeks. In a book, supported upon a plank placed across the two sides of the bath, he is busily writing down the names of new victims for the guillotine. He calls her to stand beside him. Appalled by the horror of her coming act, but with no thought of receding, no quiver of irresolution, she advances like one in a dream and stands close against the bath. He asks her if she has just come from Caen; she answers quietly in the affirmative. He then asks the names of the deputies who have taken refuge there. She repeats them while he notes them down. Her opportunity is slipping away, yet she can not summon the impulse to strike. "Before they are a week older they shall have the guillotine!" he cries, exultingly.

Those words are his last; the impulse is given, and the long, keen knife is buried in his heart. With one cry he expires, and his murderess stands rooted to the spot, gazing fascinated upon her victim, with the bloody weapon in her hand.

The cry has reached those without; in an instant they are in the room, a man strikes her down with a chair, and Albertine, uttering terrible shrieks, tramples upon her senseless body. And there lies the corpse, hanging half-way out of the bath, looking as though life had been extinguished *in a bath of blood.*

Like lightning the cry is carried through the streets—"Marat has been assassinated!" From every quarter rush scared and vengeful crowds. At the peril of their lives the gens-d'armes guard the prisoner from their frantic rage—they would tear her limb from limb. To the mob this news sounds like the death-knell of its reign. To the friends of order it is as though new life had been given them. But all Paris is agitated to its centre; consternation is stamped upon every countenance. A sense of terror and foreboding is upon the city.

Her trial was a mere form; she confessed her guilt and the motive which actuated her; calm and serene in aspect, she betrayed neither exultation nor remorse. Only one circumstance distressed her—having involved in her fate the excellent M. Perretier and his family. For them she pleaded earnestly, asserting in the most solemn terms that they knew nothing of her purpose, that she alone had planned and executed it, without accomplice or even confidant. But the judges were inexorable and incredulous. A young advocate pleaded for her, but he could plead only on behalf of her sex and misguided enthusiasm. Her condemnation was a foregone conclusion from the first. Nothing could save her.

They attired her in a red chemise, the garb of assassins; and thus, with her long bright hair flowing over her head and shoulders like a veil, the tumbril bore her on to the guillotine, the brilliant sunshine bathing her in its golden light. Her dazzling beauty, and, above all, the pure, sublime soul that shone through her eyes and irradiated her whole countenance, subdued even the rough mob that followed her; their execrations died in their throats, and many savage eyes were bedewed with tears of pity for her youth and beauty. The women, the furies of the guillotine, alone were merciless; as was their wont to all, they assailed her last moments with yells, imprecations, and obscenities. But these sounds fell unheeded upon her ears. With an unfaltering step she mounted to the scaffold, stood for an instant looking down calmly upon the multitude, with the full glare of the sunlight playing around her head, threading it with gold, and reflecting upon her face with a bright flash the crimson hues of her robe; then with the serenity of a martyr she laid her head in the groove, the knife descended, and all was over. The brutal executioner held up his hideous trophy by the hair, and struck it upon the cheek.

It has been said that a blush followed the blow, as though life survived long enough to feel the insult. Its transient gleam of humanity passed away, the mob received the act with a yell of delight.

Two touching romances marked her death. Among the spectators of her trial was a young German named Adam Lux; fascinated by her extraordinary beauty and sublime self-devotion, he conceived for her on the spot an intense and passionate love. Even in that terrible hour his pale, earnest face attracted her attention, and though her eyes had never fallen upon him before, though she was destined never to hear his voice, his gaze revealed to her his secret. He followed her to the guillotine and saw the end. After her death he wrote and published a "Defense of Charlotte Corday." He was seized by the Revolutionary Tribunal and condemned to death. His last words were, "Thank God, I shall die for her!" When the young Norman who had marched away with the volunteers of Caen heard of her execution he returned broken-hearted to his native village. A few months, and his soul had departed to seek hers whom he had so truly loved. His last request was that her portrait and letters should be buried in the coffin with him. His request was fulfilled.

A TERRIBLE TEMPTATION.

By CHARLES READE.

WITH MANY ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-FOURTH.

THEY were seated hand in hand, comparing notes and comforting each other. Then Lady Bassett met with a great surprise: forgetting, or rather not realizing, Sir Charles's sex and character, she began with a heavy heart to play the consoler; but after he had embraced her many times with tender rapture, and thanked God for the sight of her, lo and behold, this doughty baronet claimed his rights of manhood, and, in spite of his capture, his incarceration, and his malady, set to work to console her, instead of lying down to be consoled.

"My darling Bella," said he, "don't you make a mountain of a mole-hill. The moment you told me I should be a father I began to get better, and to laugh at Richard Bassett's malice. Of course I was terribly knocked over at first by being captured like a felon and clapped under lock and key; but I am getting over that. My head gets muddled once a day, that is all. They gave me some poison the first day that made me drunk twelve hours after; but they have not repeated it."

"Oh!" cried Lady Bassett, "then don't let me lose a moment. How could I forget?" She opened the door, and called in Mr. Jones and the nurse.

"Mr. Jones," said she, "the first day my husband came here Mr. Salter gave him a sedative, or something, and it made him much worse."

"It always do make 'em worse," said Jones, bluntly.

"Then why did he give it?"

"Out o' book, ma'am. His sort don't see how the medicines work; but we do, as are always about the patient."

"Mr. Jones," said Lady Bassett, "if Mr. Salter, or any body, prescribes, it is you who *administer* the medicine."

Jones assented with a wink. Winking was his foible, as puckering of the face was Coyne's.

"Should you be offended if I were to offer you and the nurse ten guineas a month to pretend you had given him Mr. Salter's medicines, and not do it?"

"Oh, that is not much to do for a gentleman like Sir Charles," said Jones. "But I didn't ought to take so much money for that. To be sure, I suppose, the lady won't miss it."

"Don't be a donkey, Jones," said Sir Charles, cutting short his hypocrisy. "Take whatever you can get; only earn it."

"Oh, what I takes I earns."

"Of course," said Sir Charles. "So that is settled. You have got to physic those flower-pots instead of me, that is all."

This view of things tickled Jones so that he roared with laughter. However, he recollected himself all of a sudden, and stopped with ludicrous abruptness.

He said to Lady Bassett, with homely kindness, "You go home comfortable, my lady; you have taken the stick by the right end." He then had the good sense to retire from the room.

Then Lady Bassett told Sir Charles of her visit to London, and her calling on Mr. Rolfe.

He looked blank at his wife calling on a bachelor; but her description of the man, his age, and his simplicity, reconciled him to that; and when she told him the plan and order of campaign Mr. Rolfe had given her he approved it very earnestly.

He fastened in particular on something that Mr. Rolfe had dwelt lightly on. "Dear as the sight of you is to me, sweet as the sound of your loved voice is to my ears and my heart, I would rather not see you again until our hopes are realized than jeopardize *that.*"

Lady Bassett sighed, for this seemed rather morbid. Sir Charles went on: "So think of your own health first, and avoid agitations. I am tormented with fear lest that monster should take advantage of my absence to molest you. If he does, leave Huntercombe. Yes, leave it; go to London; go, even for my sake; my health and happiness depend on you; they can not be much affected by any thing that happens here. 'Stone walls do not a prison make, nor iron bars a cage.'"

Lady Bassett promised, but said she could not keep away from him, and he must often write to her. She gave him Rolfe's formula, and told him all letters would pass that praised the asylum.

Sir Charles made a wry face.

Lady Bassett's wrist went round his neck in a moment. "Oh, Charles, dear, for my sake—hold a little, little candle to the devil. Mr. Rolfe says we must. Oblige me in this—I am not so noble as you—and then I'll be very good and obedient in what your heart is set upon."

At last Sir Charles consented.

Then they made haste, and told each other every thing that had happened, and it was late in the afternoon before they parted.

Lady Bassett controlled her tears at parting as well as she could.

Mr. Coyne had slyly hid himself, but emerged when she came down to the carriage, and she shook him warmly by the hand, and he bowed at the door incessantly, with his face all in a pucker, till the cavalcade dashed away.

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-FIFTH.

LADY BASSETT timed her next visit so that she found Dr. Suaby at home.

He received her kindly, and showed himself a master; told her Sir Charles's was a mixed case, in which the fall, the fit, and a morbid desire for offspring had all played their parts.

He hoped a speedy cure, but said he counted on her assistance. There was no doubt what he meant.

Oh, for one thing, he said to her, rather slyly, "Coyne tells me you have been good enough to supply us with a hint as to his treatment; sedatives are opposed to his idiosyncrasy."

Lady Bassett blushed high, and said something about Dr. Willis.

"Oh, you are quite right, you and Dr. Willis; only you are not so very conversant with that idiosyncrasy. Why have you let him smoke twenty cigars every day of his life? the brain is accessible by other roads than the stomach. Well, we have got him down to four cigars, and in a month we will have him down to two. The effect of that, and exercise, and simple food, and the absence of powerful excitements—you will see. Do your part," said he, gayly, "we will do ours. He is the most interesting patient in the house, and born to adorn society, though by a concurrence of unhappy circumstances he is separated from it for a while."

She spent the whole afternoon with Sir Charles, and they dined together at the doctor's private table, with one or two patients who were touched, but showed no signs of it on that occasion; for the good doctor really acted like oil on the troubled waters.

Sir Charles and Lady Bassett corresponded, and so kept their hearts up; but after Rolfe's hint the correspondence was rather guarded. If these letters were read in the asylum the curious would learn that Sir Charles was far more anxious about his wife's condition than his own; but that these two patient persons were only waiting a certain near event to attack Richard Bassett with accumulated fury—that smouldering fire did not smoke by letter, but burned deep in both their sore and heavy, but enduring, Anglo-Saxon hearts.

Lady Bassett wrote to Mr. Rolfe, thanking him again for his advice, and telling him how it worked.

She had a very short reply from that gentleman.

But about six weeks after her visit he surprised her a little by writing of his own accord, and asking her for a formal introduction to Sir Charles Bassett, and begging her to back a request that Sir Charles would devote a leisure hour or two to correspondence with him. "Not," said he, "on his private affairs, but on a matter of general interest. I want a few of his experiences and observations in that place. I have the less scruple in asking it, that whatever takes him out of himself will be salutary."

Lady Bassett sent him the required introduction in such terms that Sir Charles at once consented to oblige his wife by obliging Mr. Rolfe.

"MY DEAR SIR,—*In compliance with your wish, and Lady Bassett's, I send you a few desultory remarks on what I see here.*

"1st. *The lines,*

'Great wits to madness nearly are allied,
And thin partitions do their bonds divide,'

are, in my opinion, exaggerated and untrue. Taking the people here as a guide, the insane in general appear to be people with very little brains, and enormous egotism.

"*My next observation is, that the women have far less imagination than the men; they can not even realize their own favorite delusions. For instance, here are two young ladies, the Virgin Mary and the Queen of England. How do they play their parts? They sit aloof from all the rest, with their noses in the air. But gauge their imaginations; go down on one knee, or both, and address them as a Saint and a Queen; they can not say a word in accordance; yet they are cunning enough to see they can not reply in character, so they will not utter a syllable to their adorers. They are like the shop-boys who go to a masquerade as Burleigh or Walsingham, and when you ask them who is Queen Bess's favorite just now, blush, and look offended, and pass sulkily on.*

"*The same class of male lunatics can speak in character; and this observation has made me doubt whether philosophers are not mistaken in saying that women generally have more imagination than men. I suspect they have infinitely less; and I believe their great love of novels, which has been set down to imagination, arises mainly from their want of it. You writers of novels supply that defect for them by a pictorial style, by an infinity of minute details, and petty aids to realizing, all which an imaginative reader can do for himself on reading a bare narrative of sterling facts and incidents.*

"*I find a monotony in madness. So many have inspirations, see phantoms, are the victims of vast conspiracies (principalities and powers combined against a fly); their food is poisoned, their wine is drugged, etc., etc.*

"*These, I think, are all forms of that morbid egotism which is at the bottom of insanity. So is their antipathy for each other. They keep apart, because a madman is all self, and his talk is all self; thus egotisms clash, and an antipathy arises; yet it is not, I think, pure antipathy, though so regarded, but a mere form of their boundless egotism.*

"*If, in visiting an asylum, you see two or three different patients button-hole a fourth and pour their grievances into a listening ear, you may safely suspect No. 4 of—sanity.*

"*On the whole, I think the doctor himself, and one of his attendants, and Jones, a keeper, have more solid eccentricity and variety about them than most of the patients.*"

Extract from Letter 2, written about a fortnight later:

"*Some insane persons have a way of couching their nonsense in language that sounds rational, and has a false air of logical connection. Their periods seem stolen from sensible books, and forcibly fitted to incongruous bosh. By this means the ear is confused, and a slow hearer might fancy he was listening to sense.*

"*I have secured you one example of this. You must know that, in the evening, I sometimes collect a few together, and try to get them to tell their stories. Little comes of it in general but interruptions. But, one night, a melancholy Bagman responded in good set terms, and all in a moment; one would have thought I had put a torch to a barrel of powder, he went off so quickly, in this style:*

"'*You ask my story: it is briefly told. Initiated in commerce from my earliest years, and traveled in the cotton trade. As representative of a large house in Manchester, I visited the United States. Unfortunately for me, that country was then the chosen abode of spirits; the very air was thick and humming with supernaturalia. Ere long spirit-voices whispered in my ear, and suggested pious aspirations at first. That was a blind, no doubt; for very soon they went on to insinuate things profane and indelicate, and urged me to deliver them in mixed companies; I forbore with difficulty, restrained by the early lessons of a pious mother, and a disinclination to be kicked down stairs, or flung out o' window.*

"'*I consulted a friend, a native of the country; he said, in its beautiful Doric, "Old oss, I reckon you'd better change the air." I grasped his hand, muttered a blessing, and sailed for England.*

"'*On ocean's peaceful bosom the annoyance ceased. But under this deceitful calm fresh dangers brooded. Two doctors had stolen into the ship, unseen by human eye, and bided their time. Unable to act at sea, owing to the combined effect of wind and current, they concealed them-*